



messing about in BOATS

Special Features This Issue
"Two Cats Loose on Muscongus Bay"
"New Year's Eve on the Rocks"

Volume 12 - Number 19

February 15, 1995



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BOATS



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Volume 12 - Number 19
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Our Next Issue...

Carries on with a mid-winter string of on-the-water adventures. Rich Santa-Coloma tells us about "Into the Swamp With Monte"; Iver Lofving meditates on "The Delicious Dread of the Sea" and Din Smith sends us an old time cruising story, "A Connecticut River Cruise - 1907". And we'll have part two of Ted Davis' "Adventures of *Vaga*"

We don't neglect the shop work either. David Gulley brings us up to date on last year's project in "*Beach Girl, One Year Later*"; Gary Blankenship talks about attitude in "*Building My Catboat...a Way to Stay Humble*"; Hugh Ware describes a major backyard project in "*The Fireman's Tugboat*"; and Walter Kahnhamer presents his "*Electric Powered Camping Boat*".

Bill Robinson's design discussion, "*Pilgrimage of the Anchorite*" should make it into this issue we hope; Muriel Short assures us that it works in "*That Pelican Pram Bow*"; Hugh Horton sends us a few of Steve Brown's sketches of some of his concepts in "*Little Tri Sketches*", and Phil Bolger carries on with #89 in his series with us, "*A 30' Leeboard Cruiser*".

Writing about techniques and how-to's, Sam Overman describes "*Building a Tidal Boat Ramp*"; Dave McCullough expands further on curing epoxy resin and holding those stitch and glue panels in place; David Goodchild pursues the polysails topic yet further, and Scott White's "*Boatwork*" discusses "*Steel*".

On the Cover...

Two old Starling Burgess sloops doze away the winter in Manchester, Massachusetts. On the left is Joe Garland's *March Hare*, with Tom Halstead's *Jabberwock* keeping company. And across the dock, Dick Willis' Friendship sloop *Noah's Ark* sports a rough hewn gaff indeed, a last minute emergency improvisation for a late season local race. Joe Garland took the photo, Tom Halstead sent it in.

Commentary

The arrival of the daily mail here is one of the never ending rewards of doing this little magazine. The checks are always welcome, of course, for they keep it all afloat, but the letters are the frosting, for almost without fail each day produces letters or reader stories that brighten the day in some way. Not that my days need brightening, particularly, but the fact is that this ongoing exchange between us is an unfailing source of renewed enthusiasm for what I do. After 280 plus issues, am I getting bored? Not at all, thanks to all the letters you send.

Amongst the many personal letters and reader stories are scattered commercial missives. We get all our announcements of events this way. (By the way, the promised listing of events for this mid-February issue is not happening, as in late January when I write this, there has not yet been much input about the coming season's planned events. So maybe in March). We also hear from people in the boating trade who think you should know all about whatever it is they wish to offer to you. Without buying ad space. These are called press releases.

Those which are germane to our small boat viewpoint often get into print, I don't mind passing on interesting information about something someone would like to sell to you. Even if they don't buy ads. Most, however, are aimed at the consumer boating public and these go into the trash, as they aren't talking to us. I always read them all because every so often a truly unique missive arrives. Hope springs eternal in this world of small boats just as it does in most human endeavors.

Just as I was finishing off this issue and sitting down to write this commentary, such a press release came to me via a friend who received it on her fax machine (I don't have a fax, the phone is enough of a bother). I read through the announcement in growing wonder, and when I arrived at the clinching statement, I knew I wanted to share it with you. The statement that clinched it is, "The days of only fixed, static marine hulls are ended."

This is a truly sweeping assertion. It's grasp of historical perspective, however, may come up a bit short. So that you can see for yourself, I herewith present unedited in its entirety the "1995 Press release and summary" which led to this startling claim:

"Invention: New Boat Hull Creates New Industry & \$1000 Design Contest.

Concord, NH. Technological breakthrough in marine hull design opens door to boats that can change shape while traveling through the water. This patent pending concept allows so many new variations in recreational boating that a Model Design Contest is now open.

Bow Boats, Inc., a New Hampshire corporation, will handle all aspects of sales, R&D, licensing and manufacture of the Bow Boat (trademark name).

WHAT IS THE BOW BOAT? In its simplest form a single tension cable runs inside the two side hulls from stem to stern and caused the two sides to be bowed outward to the desired hull shape with flexible material providing the bottom of the hull. A quick release of the tension cable caused

the hull to snap shut into a flat, thin sandwich for easy storage and transport. Multiple tension cables allow for almost all aspects of the hull shape to be changed, even when the vessel is underway.

The inventor, a life long sailor and engineer from Bow, NH, says, "Although the concept is rather simple, it is such a radical departure from traditional boat design that we are just beginning to explore the possible variations and advantages. That's why we need a Model Design Contest." The inventor claims the major advantages to be: 1. increased strength to weight ratios; 2. simplicity of fabrication; 3. ability to change shape; and 4. ease of quick deployment and collapsing for storage and transport; but that just he beginning.

Bow Boats, Inc., has announced that its 1995 "BOW BOAT" MODEL DESIGN COMPETITION is now open for submissions. Any model Bow Boat design up to five feet is acceptable. The winning design will receive a check for \$1000.

For additional information or a copy of our newsletter write Bow Boats, Inc., 4 Stoney Brook Rd., Bow, NH 03304 of call: (603) 229-1423.

The Bow Boat (tm). (Bow Boat is a trade mark and brand name for a collapsible hull structure). A new concept in hull design by Don Bullock; inventor, engineer, sailor and CEO of Bow Boats, Inc.

With the patent pending status completed, this exciting new concept in hull design can now be offered to the public. The days of only fixed, static marine hulls are ended."

Well, this is pretty exciting stuff. This press release and summary was accompanied by three more pages of details, which I'll not print at this time. They cover the details of the Model Design Competition and answer several questions: "How will the Bow Boat be commercialized? What is the Bow Boat? How was the Bow Boat conceived? So what else can the Bow Boat do?" It also offers some answers: "Some technical considerations of the Bow Boat. And, a Final Caution."

There was a phone number on the press release, but when I called it I got a recording by Don Bullock of Bow Boats, Inc. about it being a message service number. I didn't leave any message, I'll pursue this later, but it appears that the announcement is bona fide and not someone's practical joke. One does have to watch out for such tricks in this game.

I am fascinated by this particular commercial pitch, it is not your everyday mainstream publicity puffery. Looking over the details I was intrigued by the scope of the marketing plans, ranging from the Model Design Contest on to 18' range boats to be available for shipment in 1995; about the versatility of the boat, having no less than 14 specific features, including functioning as a solar water heater, seawater still and swimming pool. And, of course, the design concept of those cables shaping the hull as you like it, even underway. I'd be a bit nervous myself, though, about that "cable quick release" part while at sea.

Wanna know more? Maybe next issue I can bring you the rest of this fascinating story.



UNITED STATES COAST GUARD AUXILIARY

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Contributed by Tom Shaw

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Survival Kit

You have read the "Federal Requirements For Recreational Boats" and had a member of the Coast Guard Auxiliary give your boat a free Courtesy Marine Examination to check your gear. Why not go one small step further and organize a personal survival kit just in case?

There are five things you should include, items that need to be either on your person or attached to your PFD. They will do no good if they are neatly packed away in the cabin.

1. Carry a knife. It's the basic tool to free yourself from any entangling lines or to pry open a cabin door should you be trapped inside. Almost all sailors have a knife of some kind but a "survival knife" has these qualities: The blade is at least 3" long. It is not a clasp or folding knife. They are convenient to carry but there may be a time when you can neither spare two hands nor have the time to open your knife, or when your hands are too cold to function well, and some clasp knives lack adequate blade strength. The ideal "survival knife" is double edged and corrosion resistant. A diver's knife is an excellent choice. Make it a habit to put it on your belt when you head offshore.

2. Put a whistle on a lanyard and tuck

it in the pocket of your PFD. Even a "referee's" whistle can be heard a lot further than your voice (up to 1,000 yards), but a marine whistle is best since the referee type has a "pea" which can swell with moisture and become ineffective.

3. In another pocket of your PFD carry an emergency signaling mirror whose flash can be seen for several miles. The best kind has a small hole in the center so you can "aim" the flash, but any small mirror (3"x4") is excellent) will serve. Stainless steel mirrors are lightweight and available at sporting goods and boating supply stores.

4. Carry a personal marker light attached to your PFD. You can get one with a D battery or (better I believe) a cylaume personal light (batteries can go stale and the switches can be hard to operate with cold hands). Cylaume lights have an easy-squeeze handle to turn them on.

5. Finally, add some personal visual distress signals. There are some very small, very lightweight flares that will fit in the pocket of a PFD. A person in the water is very hard to spot by daylight, harder still in the dark. The flares can help the rescuer get close. The personal marker light can help him find you. Lastly, add a

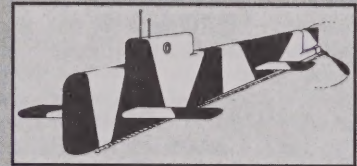
packet of dye marker.

Some companies offer "marine signal belt packs" that have several of the items you need but my preference is getting them separately and adding them to my PFD. You will not notice their weight or bulk but you will have made a real investment in safety. It may be the cheapest insurance you will ever buy.

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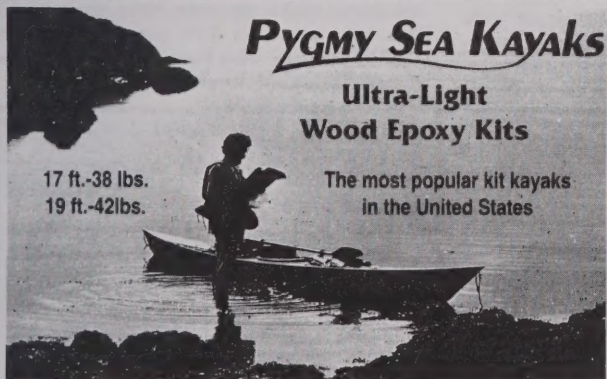
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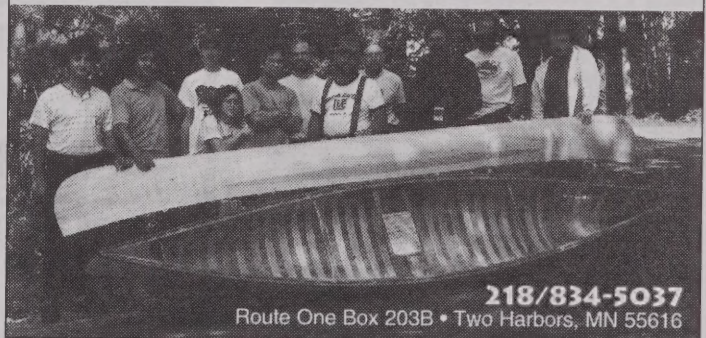
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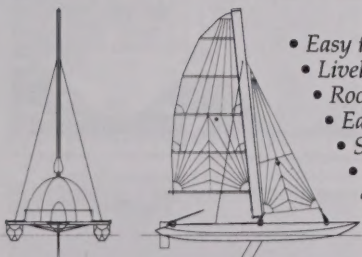
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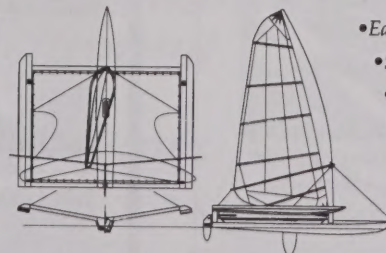


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BOOK REVIEW

Tidelog

Pacific Publishers, P.O.Box 480, Bolinas, CA 94924-0480.

Review by David Camell

This is a most interesting pictorial presentation of the tides and astronomical data, including sunrise and sunset, moonrise, moonset and phase, and planetary positions against a background of M. C. Escher's woodcut "Second Day of Creation". There are now seven area editions: Mid-Atlantic, Southern New England, Northern New England, Chesapeake Tidewater, Puget Sound, Northern California, and Southern California.

When they first brought out *Tidelog* I bought the New England edition because it intrigued me, even though it was not useful to me here in North Carolina. When I saw their Chesapeake edition in International Marine's catalog I checked the tide tables and concluded that it would work for me as the reference station for our coast down to New Topsail Inlet, a few miles away, is Hampton Roads.

While New Topsail Inlet is the most southern station referenced to Hampton Roads, I checked that reliable constant corrections could be calculated clear down Florida's east coast.

The publishers of *Tidelog* were reluctant to extrapolate the NOAA tide table data, but I took a look at what Bowditch says about tidal estimation through the years. My 1861 edition, well used by a New England sailing ship captain as far distant as the Philippines, describes the method of calculating approximate tide times from the high water lunital interval (time the tide lags the meridian passage of the moon), longitude, and Green-

wich meridian passage of the moon. There are three pages of interval data for ports around the world.

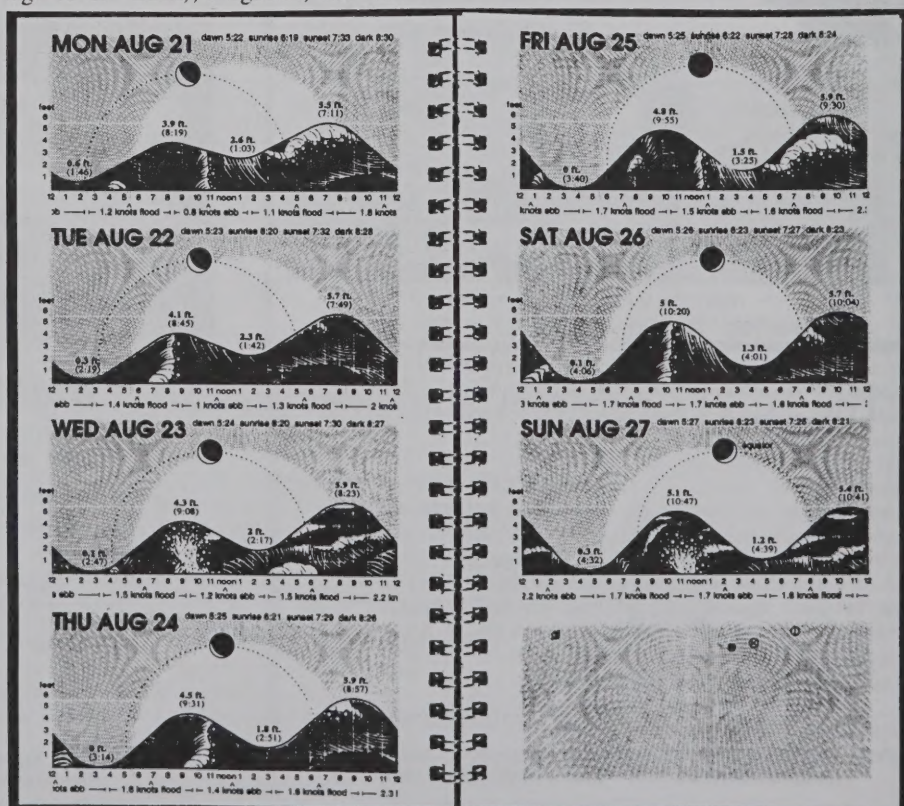
In my 1936 edition of Bowditch the method is described in more detail and there are 35 pages of data for stations all over the world. The text says that these intervals are also shown on charts, though I have no charts old enough to show that. Most interesting for the east coast is that these intervals do not vary widely for coastal stations from Chesapeake Bay to Miami.

My 1977 edition has none of this data, though it suggests you may get lunital interval data locally if you have no tide tables. It also says "charts of many countries now omit intervals because of the tendency to use them for predictions even though accurate predictions are available in tide tables." Sounds like a marketing ploy to sell tide tables.

As for the performance of my Chesapeake Bay *Tidelog* here on Pages Creek, it is right on the button with no correction for scheduling my quahog scratching and my sailing. Nelson Silva reports the same coincidental fit for his slip at Scotts Hill Marina about ten miles "down east" of Pages Creek.

Through 1994, *Tidelog* had a blank page facing each data page that you could use as a diary. The 1995 edition I just received has eliminated the blank pages, but none of the fascinating data. Perigee and apogee are also shown for the moon so that by combination with the moon phase data you can predict the perigean spring tides that have correlated so well with major tidal floodings around the world through the centuries.

A single issue costs \$12.95 plus \$2 postage; subscriptions save money \$23 for two years or \$30 for three with no added postage. You may also find it in nautically-oriented bookstores.



BOOK REVIEW

Outboard Boater's Handbook

By Dave Getchell, Sr.
International Marine Publishing

A new book on outboard boating recently came to my attention, and on first skimming through it, a flood of pleasant memories rushed through my mind. During the 1940's I got into messing around with small outboard motors. Previous tinkering with model airplane and auto engines made it easy enough for me to bring back to life assorted used kickers picked up cheaply and in some cases even given to me.

There are memories of many interesting and enjoyable outings and expeditions with various friends and family members, and on a variety of inland, river and coastal waters. We discovered and enjoyed scenery we hitherto had not known existed. I can still sense the soothing feel of warm salt water on my bare feet as I waded outboard skiffs off of beaches on Cape Cod inlets. I remember the first time we went trolling for striped bass on a Buzzards Bay inlet at night. We'd never seen what happens when plankton-filled salt water gets churned up by a small boat's propeller and wake, it was surprising and fascinating to glance astern and see the many starry little flashes of light caused by phosphorescence.

And the funny adventures! Far up the North River (which is on the coast south of Boston) we broke our last brass shear pin on a submerged rock. We paddled to a nearby bridge, got out, and walked slowly

up the side of the road looking for a nail to use as an emergency pin. Along came a police car. It stopped. Cop asked us, "Looking for something?"

We replied, "Yeah, looking for a nail to use for a shear pin." The look that came across his face could be reproduced today by saying, "Yeah, we lost a packet of cocaine along here somewhere."

These and many more enjoyable little adventures were made possible by outboard motors in the 2hp to 6hp category. Once we fixed up a 16hp Johnson twin. The first time we took it to a boat livery, the salty old Portuguese liverman took one appalled look at it and blurted, "You're crazy! Five horses are all you need for fishing!" I wonder what he'd think of the 400hp, \$30,000 rigs now common along his stretch of the coast?

The title of the new book that set us off on the above line of reminiscing is *Outboard Boater's Handbook*, edited by David R. Getchell, Sr. and published by International Marine in Camden, Maine. For many years Dave was editor of *National Fisherman* magazine, and later the now-defunct but fondly remembered *Small Boat Journal*.

As author of the many "Gunkholing" articles that appeared regularly in that publication, he got loads of practical experience with smaller outboard boats, and it shows in this book.

This very timely and welcome 255 page softcover is a compilation of carefully chosen magazine articles written by 28 different and capable authors. Choosing, editing and, in some cases, slightly updating articles was Getchell's job, and as we went through the resulting book thoughts such as "Right on!", "Well said!", "Hooray!", and "Enjoyable but

realistic!" cruised through our head. It steers well clear of the Madison Avenue hype and cuteness so infernally common in many of today's slick books. It's human, realistic, honest, practical and to the point.

It's aimed at people who have been nursing an itch to get out on the water and go adventuring in a smaller, more manageable and affordable powerboat, but never acted on it and don't quite know what foot to start out on. It's understandable by a kid of Boy Scout age, and interesting and useful to a person of retirement age.

It begins with a to-the-point explanation of hull types and behavior, then goes on to explain what's what about various types of outboard boats generally below the 20 foot size and of modest to moderate power. It goes into choosing gasoline, electric and jet powerplants, choosing and using trailers, the basics of electronics suitable for small open craft, goes into seamanship simply but sensibly and adequately, and ends up discussing the basics of cruising and maintenance.

The emphasis in today's outboard industry is on large, powerful, big-ticket items. That's understandable, for corporations that don't make money don't last long. Yet, it's noticeable that in recent years the outboard industry has done next to no promotion in the field of smaller rigs. This is bothersome, for it means little is being done to entice new people into the outboard boating sport. I strongly recommend Getchell's book to anyone who has an urge to get into outboarding but doesn't quite know where to start. And by the way, this book can make a welcome and appreciated gift for someone of this sort who you may know.

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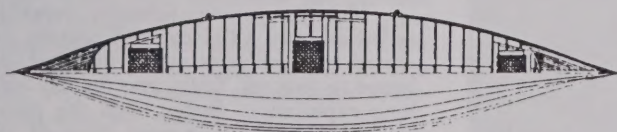
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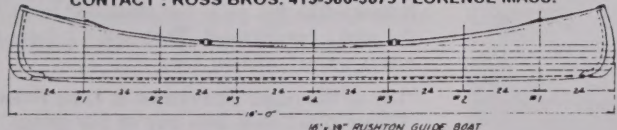
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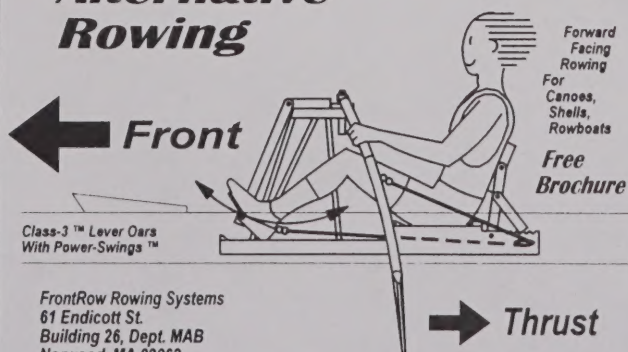
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The Kokapelli Meet

By Jim Thayer

I can't say that I was disappointed with the crowd, since I constituted the whole of it. It would have been nice to have seen some other faces however. Since I was the only participant I suppose it devolves upon me to file the report.

What with one thing and another I never got away 'til Saturday noon. Pulling into Bullfrog at 5, I checked around to see if there was anything like a real sailboat in the place. A MacGregor 26 had just hauled out and over in the campground there were a couple of sailboards on a cartop and a 12 footer on a trailer. They didn't look like any of our gang. The campground had a number of attractive shady sites vacant so I opted to flake out and rest up from the rigors of the road. Eight and a half bucks and showers extra money down the road. A little steep but fair enough considering that otherwise the place is free.

Sunday: A day of rest. I laid around camp alternately reading and staring vacantly at the scene, with a short interval devoted to watching a lizard dig a hole, which, after much effort he abandoned. Mostly, I was just getting my money's worth.

Then, with a double priced bag of ice in the cooler, I headed for the primitive camp at the north end of the bay. I figured the southern unit was a good bet since the

info lady at the vc had been warning people away because of the sand. Well, no problem if you keep your speed up. We had a nice little cove all to ourselves with a snappy onshore breeze.

I took my time unloading and had a leisurely lunch. By the time I got the Limpet rigged the wind had dropped considerably but there was enough to beat slowly out of the cove. However, it soon fell nearly flat calm so I drifted back to the beach to engage in another favorite Lake Powell pastime, just lying half submerged in the water.

In time I was aroused by wave activity at the sensitive air water interface. Wind out of the NE. We beat up to the next long bay and then reached up to it's head. We were coming back and going gangbusters when there was a loud crack and my hat went by the board. The boom had broken. Luckily we had steerage way off the wind to recover the hat.

We cleared the first point just blowing along but we needed help for the next one. I got hold of the clew and we started making a course to clear the rocks. There was a big belly in the sail and it was impossible to get it tight so we had a lot of heeling moment. There was no way to sit out and there appeared to be great potential for getting wet. The sail got away a couple of times but we got enough drive to

clear the point and only missed our spot by a couple of boat lengths.

The break was a foot aft of the sheet block where the grain was less than perfect. The answer is heavier booms. This one was considerably heavier than the one I blew up at Keuka Lake. There is a good case to be made for aluminum booms since they don't fail catastrophically.

I took the Davis Turbometer to the top of a little hill and got consistent readings in the mid twenties with gusts into the low thirties. More wind than I really needed. I leaned up against the truck in the shade and zonked a few winks. When I straightened up the wind was much subdued and out of the east, right off the beach.

Hauling out a big ugly four-sided boom, I rigged up and blew away. We were just tooling along, soaking the rays, admiring the scenery and exclaiming over the glories of sailing. I was cutting between a point and an offlying rock when the board grounded. A williwaw came out of nowhere and we did a 360 in the blink of an eye. Lordy, deja vu all over again.

Beyond the point the wind was honking down the valley nearly as strong as before. The snorter was good and tight so I just feathered the sail and mooched along. Much less strain on the gear and the mind. Now that we had a rig we could trust we could relax and have some fun. Coming home the wind was right off the beach and very little room to tack. This is where a short boat with no skeg comes into her own. She's a neck-snapping tacker.

I could have gone sailing after supper but took a walk instead. High on a nearby hill, I could lay back, survey the scene and plan for the morrow.

Monday: A very leisurely breakfast produced only a flat calm. A second cup stirred some zephyrs out of the west. It's bound to pick up. Today was the day for a long exploration. Better mind the provisions. Four mealy apples (last of the crop), quarter jar of mildly rancid peanuts, small bag Country General free popcorn about a month old, but that's good because it looks like the sack has absorbed most of the nasty coconut oil. That and 12 liters of water should sustain life.

Top of the page: The crowd at Lake Powell. "They didn't look like any of our gang."

Left: Private launch at Farley Canyon.



The breeze was filling in and away we went, a mile maybe. Fry time. It was one of those days, blue ripples in the distance but they never come over here. The popcorn and apples were pretty good. Had a good beach soak, exposing some of the lily-white nether regions. A few weeks around here and I might be nicely browned all over. We finally got a little breeze to bring us home in style.

A boys' club had moved in next door and there were impressive cumulo nimbus building all around. Exit time. I loaded up, took a good bath and headed for a cool camp up in the Henerys. OK, I know, I should have tried turning some of the kids on to sailing.

Perched up on the side of Mt. Hillers, I could look down into Canyonlands and much of southeast Utah. Thirty miles to the SSW I could make out Bullfrog, and twenty miles east I could see a small piece of water near Hite, where we would be tomorrow. Incredible country!

Tuesday: Dawdled over breakfast, then crawled down a rather rough road to the highway and headed for Hite and a bag of ice. Dropping down the road into Farley canyon, just to check it out, we found a bunch of trailers and motorhomes. Thinking to give it a pass, I blundered down a sandy hill and into a good spot. Can I get out? Well, the thing to do is go sailing and worry about it tomorrow.

Backing down to launch, the Ford sank in deeper than I expected. The thing is so heavy that just stomping around doesn't give a good indication of ground support. I need a scientific instrument.

The wind was 6-8 with some up to 10. Just a nice breeze. The canyon is fairly straight and we got along with only a few tacks. There are no beaches and only a few stopping spots. I short tacked into one nice hidey hole and had a good soak. The water is colder up here and I barely got my bottom wet. The day has been mostly cloudy and the temperature pleasant.

I soon came to a large bay and concluded it was the main channel because of the number of bouys in sight. One canyon looks much like another here and the one I came out of had already disappeared. Better keep your wits about you here.

I reflected that long ago I had crossed the Colorado on an old Model A powered cable ferry, far below where I was now sailing. We had an ancient '33 Chevy that I had bought for \$45 just for the trip. A sign on the back said "Don't Pass, PUSH". I'm an old-timer for sure.

Evidently I had gotten into the lee of a large butte. The wind was here, there, and gone. I was quite some time getting back to my canyon where I was sure my good wind awaited. Sure enough it was on the job and just a little pushy for the one jibe run home. Seventeen minutes for something over two miles.

After supper the wind had moderated and I sailed around the lagoon under the noses of the poor power boaters who had been pounding the lake all day and now had to hover over their gas grills while keeping their drinks iced.

There was a great sunset. It's nearly ten o'clock and still light in the west, the longest day of the year. What's that? Something faint, musical, like a flute.

Wednesday: Backtracked five miles to get some ice. Such excursions are against my principles, but I rationalized it on the basis that I should call home base. White Canyon advised "No Boat Launch", a good omen. There were two washing machine cartons of firewood and not a camp in sight. I settled in for a good soak, which generated a jetski in a matter of minutes and eventually, a fitful wind. Well, it's bound to build. I had an early lunch and got on the water.

We started off great but not for long. Wanna buy a boat cheap, like for a cold drink? Actually, it's a fairly scenic canyon and I had plenty of time to anthropomorphize all the curious rocks. Four hours later I spotted the main channel and immediately put the helm up (up, down, who can tell?) and headed back.

Back in the narrow canyon I soon had a nice tail wind 'til I got to one corner where it disappeared. It eventually filled in from dead ahead. In the meantime I formulated the theory of negative and positive winds. When they meet they annihilate each other, leaving only still warm air. I lack the mathematics to develop this and it may not gain much currency outside the sailing community.

My boat, the magnificent and able Limpet, was originally built with a centerboard. I had knowingly put it quite far forward to gain cockpit space. It was fine in light air but developed a wicked weather helm in a blow. For this trip (essentially a R&D jaunt, remember) I had taken out the cb, plugged the pivot hole and stuck a daggerboard in the trunk. The board could be moved fore and aft and held in position with a spring clamp. The optimum position varies with wind speed, sail trim and boat loading. The problem was to decide on the best all-round position. With a power source, wind and level sensors, a load cell on the main sheet, and a servo motor, one could, no doubt, make the board self adjusting. Something to work on.

With a houseboat in the distance, I met two ladies on some sort of large floating mattress, just as a truly awesome blast

came along. I'm sure they thought my conveyance sheer madness, and, I in turn viewed theirs as a ticket to disaster. No doubt some power boat would come to rescue them. No life jackets I noted.

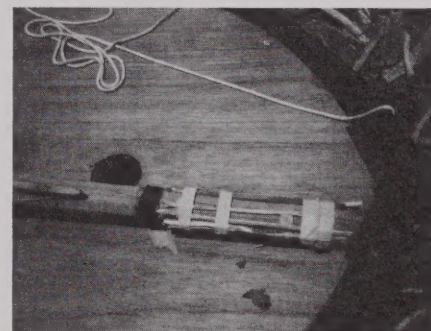
The last half mile was good steady high teen/low twenties which gave me a rousing good ride and a chance to play with the position of the board.

Big full moon tonight. The breeze blew quite warm 'til after dark, then turned cool and died. Me too.

Thursday: I took a long hike up the very senic White Canyon, then headed for home via the Bears Ears, the Big Notch (white knuckle cliffhanger), and 150 miles of rough dirt which pinpointed the structural deficiencies in my rack.

I hope the foregoing gives you some feel for Lake Powell. It is a truly awesome and magnificent place. You can camp anywhere and with treatment, drink the water. True, it's quite warm in summer, but nights are pleasant. At times, in the large bays the powerboats can be as thick as jellyfish in the Chesapeake, and just as welcome.

At the St. Michaels meet I discussed optimum Kokapelli times with fellow peripatetic, Hugh Horton. I had favored something like the first full moon after the second weekend of September. Hugh, being a practical fellow, thought a definite date, like the autumnal equinox would be better. So that's it. See you at Bullfrog on Sept 23.



Above: Bushing a Pumpkin mast to fit the Limpet.

Below: The Farley Canyon hidey-hole, just the Limpet and the landscape.



It was December 31st and a beauty of a day it was. The sky was a sharp clear blue with only a few high thin clouds. Manchester harbor was full to the brim with the height of the new moon tide. The whole surface was an almost perfect sheet of thin salt water ice. The earlier passage of two lobsterboats had been recorded by the ice. It had been, until recently, a very mild winter and this was the first freeze.

Old friend Tom was at the dock and it was a pleasant surprise to see him. Today he was going lobstering. Last month he and five companions had abandoned his boat out in the Atlantic, bound for Bermuda. He seemed subdued today. The *Luka* cut a path out for us through the skim ice.

The air was just a breath from the southwest. It was cool but sunny. The Stonehorse had a light beard, just a stubble, of ice at the waterline. The docklines each had flat plates of ice where they had entered and exited the water. The pumps were frozen solid. The weather report was for increasing wind out of the southwest, up to 25 knots, with possibly freezing rain or snow at night. A low was coming in.

I filled the cabin heater/stove with a couple of handfuls of charcoal and grabbed the squeeze bottle of kerosene to light it. The kerosene was frozen solid. It looked like a bottle full of crushed ice. Tim thawed it in the restroom sink. We lit the hibachi, took off the sail covers, took in the bumpers and docklines, fired up the little Seagull, and headed out through the ice.

The breeze was already picking up a bit, maybe 5 knots, and the ice made strange sounds as we powered through where it had already been broken. The Seagull is a worn out old 4hp probably putting out 3hp. One large plate of ice almost stopped us before it was shouldered aside. Once outside the harbor entrance we found there was no ice, not even on the shoreline. Salem Sound lay wide open in the bright winter sunlight.

The Sound is the crater of a very ancient volcano. The coastline is primarily granite, as are most of the islands, and, of course, all of the ledges. Hardwoods, shrubs, grass and wild roses grow along the coast and on the larger islands. The whole Sound is adorned with islands, ledges, pinnacles, bars and spits. Some places there are deep clefts where softer veins of rock have been eroded out from the harder granite mass.

Summer people still live on Baker's and Tinker's Islands and there's a kids' camp on Childrens' Island, but all the rest are uninhabited. No one lives out here in the winter. From here, Little and Big Ram, House, and Little and Big Misery Islands stand like sentinels before the open ocean. In between lie Sand Rock, the Whaleback and a couple of ledges which lie hidden at high tide. They, and many others, lay covered now. The range of tide today would be about 14', whereas about 9-1/2' is more typical.

Out beyond Baker's Island the Sound is carpeted with shoals out to Halfway Rock and down to Satan Rock off Marblehead. Outside Marblehead lies Eagle Island with twin talons of Eagle Island Bar and Cutthroat Shoal. Just beyond lies

New Year's Eve on the Rocks

By Paul Schwartz

Gray's Rock. Eagle Island Bar is all cobble. Down toward Salem and Beverly there's plenty more of this stuff. This area is especially beautiful in daylight. The winds and currents shift and change and run all about here. At night in bad weather it is treacherous. Of course, we would be home early, long before dark.

The breeze was freshening and the clouds were filling in slowly. Inside Big Misery I perked a pot of coffee and then put lunch on the hibachi. The first course was a pot of yams with cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves and maple syrup. The aroma from that mixed with the slight scent of charcoal and rose from the galley, mingling with the winter salt air. The next course was a pot full of fresh turkey right off a farm in nearby Essex. It was cooked in plenty of fresh gravy and covered with stuffing. We had no dessert. Some days life is hell.

After lunch we closed the companionway and Tim was first to go below and warm up. The wind was now 10-12 knots and we were beating up towards Marblehead. There was a good breeze on the boat, and the sky was clouding up. It felt cold. All sail was set. There was not a single other pleasure boat on the Sound. When I went below to warm up and put on a mackinaw, my toes were quite numb. I warmed them against the charcoal heater, then put on a second pair of wool socks.

Stonehorses are remarkable little cruisers and much admired by those who know them. There's even one displayed in the Peabody Museum in Salem. S.S. Crocker designed them and his son Sturge was no doubt the original builder in wood right here in Manchester. Mine is a very well built fiberglass version from Edey & Duff. It's just over 23' LOD by about 7' beam by 3-1/2' draft and around 2-1/2 tons empty.

She carries a respectable 340 square feet of sail in a Yankee staysail, jib and main. Mine has tanbark sails. The Stonehorse can carry full sail to 25 knots, mine's been sailed in 30-40 knots in complete comfort. It's capable in any weather but best in a good breeze. The spars on mine are solid fir with a fir bumpkin and a teak plank bowsprit.

The flush deck design provides a huge cabin space for a boat this size, with a huge cockpit the full width of the hull occupying the aft third of the boat. The cabin is absolutely delightful, snug and just right. The ceiling, bulkhead and cabinets are oiled pine. It's lit by six large oval ports by day and two gimbaled brass oil lamps by night. There's a charcoal heater/stove as well as a two-burner alcohol stove, sink, icebox and head. Forward there is a huge berth and there are two quarterberths as well. There's a defunct Palmer inboard below the cockpit. She carries a 22lb Bruce anchor as well as a 50lb fisherman and about 300' of rode. She's equipped with two compasses, charts, lead line, binoculars, oars, flares, lifejackets,

etc.

She had a VHF radio when I bought her. I got rid of it quickly and there is not a molecule of gadgetry on board. All lines are handled from the cockpit. This boat is a superb sailer and can usually be balanced so there's no need for anyone at the tiller. Stonehorses are very handsome boats and people give us the "thumbs up" sign when we go by. You won't find a better boat.

The bell buoys seemed odd at first, red above white and green above white. It was just icing, but unexpected with the ice-free shoreline. There were two small draggers out and an occasional lobsterman. The sky was growing heavier and the breeze had freshened to 18-20 knots as we approached Marblehead.

We gave Eagle Island Bar and Cutthroat Shoal plenty of berth and tacked by Gray's Rock and beat just into the mouth of Marblehead harbor. From here on it would be sweet, very fast downhill sailing for home. I brought her through the eye of the wind and around until the wind was on the starboard quarter, eased all the sheets until we were full of good strong wind and we started to chase the little whitecaps home. We were off like a prom gown at midnight.

The little Stonehorse goes like an express train in these conditions so we'd be home and secured and all cleaned out long before dark. I gave Tim a heading below the tower in Manchester and pointed out the compass as a cross check. I told him that the only danger was Eagle Island Bar and to keep well below it, which our present course would assure.

I went below then for my little New Year's ritual. I'd thrown the last of the charcoal on the fire and now took a piece of paper and wrote on it the names of the people I felt anger towards. I then threw it into the fire and prayed for forgiveness for them. It was time to let go of all that junk and start the year clean and light. I felt truly grateful for all the many blessings given to me this past year. That done, I then threw a Mobil gasoline receipt into the fire without a kind thought for those sonsabitches.

Within moments there was a terrible thud and lurch followed by a horrible grinding as the boat slowed to a stop and careened over onto her port side. I was out of the cabin before we stopped moving. We draw 3-1/2' of water and now lay in water only 2' deep. We had hit the rocks at fullbore and had been driven almost out of the water!

I always think in foul language and frequently speak in it. I was utterly speechless for a moment but the right words did indeed come. Tim is a good hearted Quaker and an imbecile and these virtues worked in his favor. I marvelled at how close we were to the island, expressed surprise to see rockweed floating to both port and starboard, conveyed wonder at being in no more than 2' of water in any direction. I knew I'd be praying for Tim this time next year!

The increasing wind and sea produced a horrible grinding and bumping. An hour until low tide meant about three hours before we'd float off if we hadn't pounded a hole in the hull before then. The tide would be about 14' today. This meant that if we sank the part of the mast where Tim

would be lashed would become fully submerged long before high water. There was a negative possibility too. If the predicted ice storm hit I would likely freeze to death in the rigging as were my predecessors over on Norman's Woe. That infamous rock lay six miles to our east. If we floated off it would be after dark in less than ideal conditions. Very careful piloting would be needed.

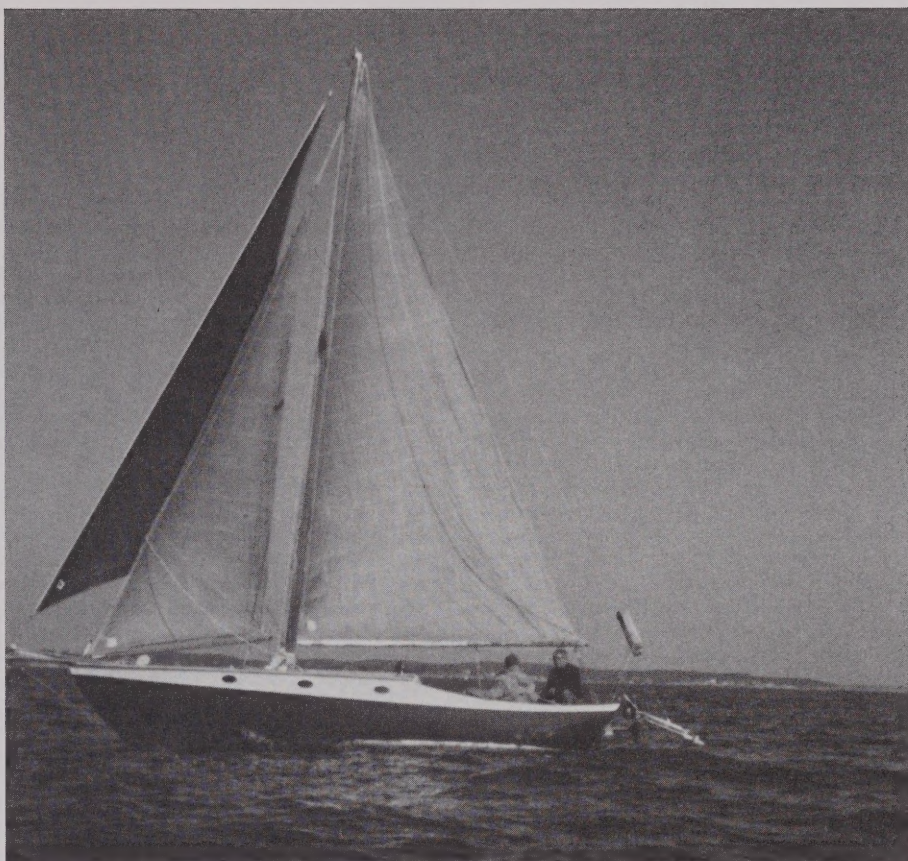
We were in no immediate danger. We took in sail and lashed the tiller hard to port to keep the rudder intact. Everything was secure and things we might need were at hand. The cabin was closed to keep in the heat. Since this situation could become dangerous, I fired a single 12 guage aerial flare. Within 15 minutes the Salem harbormaster showed up followed by an aluminum workboat. What a surprise!

He and his assistant hove a line with a tow rope attached. This was led through the port stem chock, then below a heavy cockpit cleat, then forward through the bowsprit chock and back to the Jonesport bitt. As power was applied to the tow I climbed partway up the mast and Tim leaned over on the boom to help keep us over on our side. The towline took up, the grating and grinding began and in no time we were off the rocks and afloat!

By this time a Coast Guard cutter had arrived from Gloucester. I had mixed emotions about all this government attention. On the one hand we had the pleasant prospect of being home by dark. On the other hand, I'd never bothered to register the boat with the state or to get the federal certificate of documentation re-issued. We had no registration and were in a nest of paper generating government agents.

The harbormaster boarded us with a big clipboard. He made sure we were not leaking, had lifejackets and so on and so forth. In a firm voice I gave name and address and read the documentation number carved into the deckbeam. He said the Coast Guard would follow us to Manchester and then disembarked. We thanked him heartily. Once he verified that our motor was running, he eased the tow and let us cast off.

We killed the motor, raised the main and staysail and brought the wind onto the starboard quarter. It was blowing plenty by now and even without the jib we were flying! Just astern, the cutter followed, packed with eager young faces and ballasted with rule books. The ominous gleam



of aluminum clipboards issued from within.

We raced by Hardy Rocks, jibed over near the Whaleback and flew on past the buoys by White Ledge and Halftide Rocks. We turned and ran straight into Manchester channel in the gathering darkness. Just at the entrance to the harbor the cutter surged towards us and put on the siren for a moment. They called over that they had a distress call off Rockport and asked if we'd be okay. I assured them we were fine and thanked them from the bottom of my heart. Through an act of Providence, they took off for Cape Ann. We sailed right up to the dock in the dark. God truly works in marvelous ways.

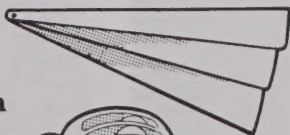
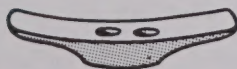
Life has a way of teaching us through these little experiences. Of course, Tim shouldn't have been given the helm at that time and place. Now the bottom would no doubt need work. It might need extensive

fiberglass repair, or maybe some extra-thick bottom paint would do the job. Of course with the exorbitant cost of bottom paint it's very tough to resist the tendency to thin.

I am convinced that events here on earth are directly related to our spiritual or inner condition. Clearly we had hit the rocks immediately after I'd finished praying for forgiveness of others. As I sat reflecting on all of this, the air about me became suffused with the most delicate and subtle golden light. A sense of inner peace and deep serenity washed over and through me. It seemed that I could almost feel the hand of the Great Captain on my shoulder. From deep within a kind and gentle voice seemed to say, "My son, why do you pray for those bastards? Repaint and thin no more!"

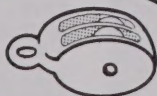
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Labor Day Weekend, three days of cruising, I love it. I didn't hear anything about a storm.

"Well I did", the wife replied "and if you think that I'm going cruising in a storm, forget it!"

"The storm is out to sea," I said, hopefully, "and it's going to stay there, we are cruising down to the islands."

"You can cruise down to the islands if you like, but I prefer to be where it's safe." The wife is right most of the time, but three days of cruising is three days of cruising and what's a little old storm anyway?

I would not miss Labor Day Weekend nor any other weekend if I could help it. *Vaga*, my twenty-five foot folkboat, is a heavy weather boat, designed for the North Sea, built in Sweden in 1947, and as pretty as a boat can be. The wife does admit that she has never felt uncomfortable sailing with *Vaga*, even when the winds kicked up to twenty-five knots. But for this time she prefers to stay at home.

The winds were light, from the southwest, on the sail down to Cuttyhunk, and the pond was full when I arrived late in the day on Saturday. Not being the type to anchor close to any other boat, I dropped the anchor on the northeast end of the pond. This was a new spot for me, but I felt comfortable with it, for I have never had a problem in the pond. There were on occasions when I felt it prudent to deploy two anchors, but not this time.

After a delicious meal evening meal, with a taste of my favorite brandy, I tuned my VHF to the local marine weather sta-

The Adventures of *Vaga*

By Ted Davis

tion and would you believe it, that storm my wife was so worried about was now turned around and headed back this way. The wife was right again and it's a good thing she is not here, I would never hear the end of it. Twenty-five to thirty knots winds with six to eight foot seas. The storm should hit our area in full force on Sunday evening. Well that's it, I'll get a good night's sleep and head back to the Sakonnet River in the morning. If I get an early start, it should be a great sail.

At four in the morning I was awakened by a beeping noise and wonder what it could be. It's my Ioran, but why should it be making such a noise? Better get up and see what the problem is. It's the anchor alarm, I have never heard that thing go off before. I wonder what the problem could be, and why should my starboard port be all white?

"You're dragging anchor," came the cry of a loud and anxious skipper. Getting clothes on in the cabin of *Vaga* is a chore when all is still and bright, but in the middle of the night with no headroom and being some what in a hurry, I was having my problems getting on deck. Why, I'll be, that white thing that was in my port was the hull of a larger boat. I had dragged anchor for three to four boat lengths and my

new neighbor was running around with bumpers and lines to tie *Vaga* off.

When things settled down, I attempted to start my outboard, while my new rafting partner hauled in my anchor. The outboard was taking one of it's fits, it would not start. I pulled and pulled, choke and rechoke, but no amount of prayer or cursing would induce this thing on the stern to get going.

My Danforth was one large ball of grass when it was hauled onboard, which explained the reason it did not hold. "Here take my rode, for we are here for a week and are transferring to a mooring. I'll be back for it when you leave."

Great, when I leave! Sure, and how pray tell how am I to leave with no motor? Well I have sailed out of the channel before, but that was when the wind was coming from the southwest. This morning, as the dawn breaks and flashlights are no longer needed, the wind is from the northeast. The channel runs east and west, so maybe with a little bit of luck, I can pull this trick off again.

Cuttyhunk Island lies at the end of the Elizabeth Islands, a group of islands that run in a southwest line, starting from Woods Hole in Falmouth, Massachusetts. They divide Buzzards Bay from Vineyard Sound. And from Cuttyhunk Martha's Vineyard can be seen to the east and Slocums Neck, on the mainland, to the west. The pond itself is well protected on all four sides with a narrow and shallow channel leading in. The entrance to the channel is well marked, however, with sandy beaches on both sides, the preferred line is always changing. Impatient power boats do, from time to time, charge by. The sloop *Vaga* draws almost four feet, which is not a problem, generally, but sailing in or out of this tight channel is a challenge.

This morning we have a steady parade of boats departing the pond and filling the channel, which to me looked almost like a train. Everyone has the same idea, beat the storm home. "Bum a ride", that's it I said out loud, maybe someone will give you a tow out of here. So in my innocence I held up my rode, and hailed the boat that was passing my bow.

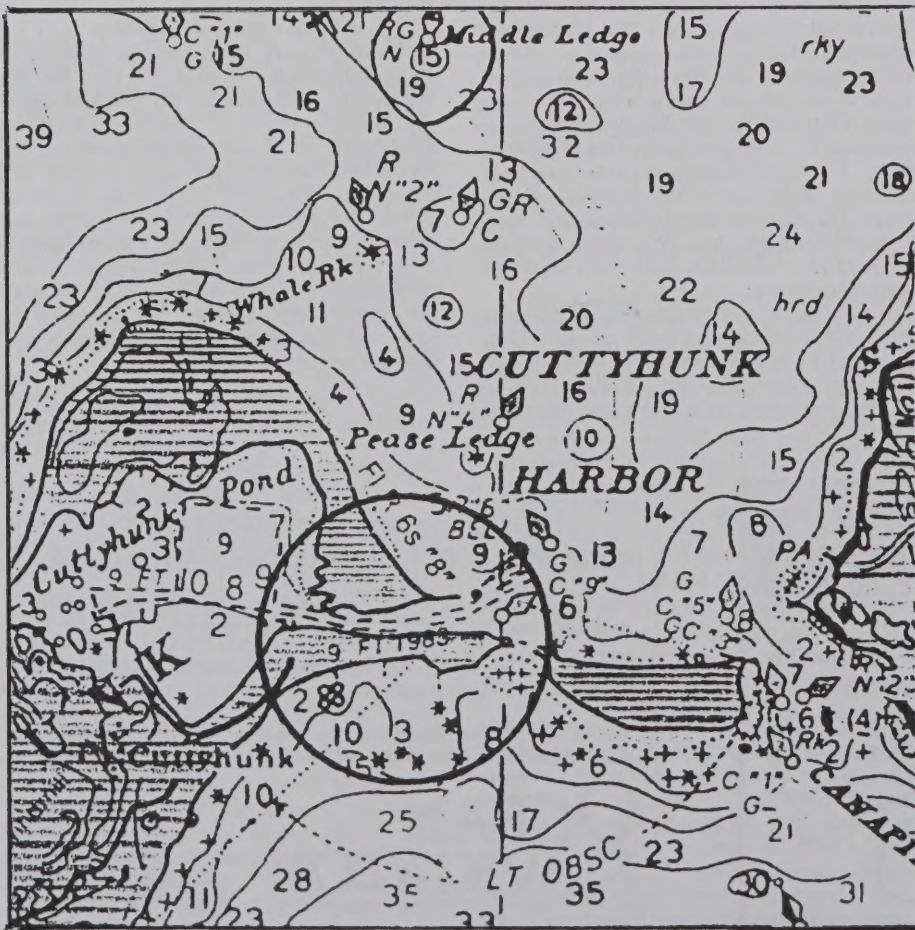
"No, no. Sorry my wife is new to sailing and she is at the helm." Well maybe the next boat.

"No, no, sorry but this is a new boat." The excuses I was getting made no sense to me at all, so after a while I gave it up. If I wanted to beat this storm home I had better sail out, what the hell I've done it before.

With a float on my friend's rode, I upped the main and headed up to the abandoned Coast Guard station. We'll need more speed than this, I thought, so it's up with the head sail, now we are moving. Drats! I'm moving too fast for the sailboat ahead of me, who is naturally under power. Good, he's backing off and giving me some room, maybe I'll make it. Oh no, what's this, a wind shift and it's coming straight down the channel, double drats!! All sails are luffing, head for the shore and beach it, quick down with the sails. I know, I look like a Chinese fire drill, but no time to bother with niceties.

Boom, we are aground, now what? Bum a ride, what else? The first powerboat that came by, was a real powerboat, not

The narrow channel to Cuttyhunk Pond.



one of those plastic jobs with five or six deck levels with the "looks great" but never used tuna rigs. "Hand us your rode and we'll give it a try," was his reply. Thank God, a real seaman for a skipper and an able bodied seaman for a wife, what luck. The captain gave it power after all was tied off and without any resistance we were headed for open water. All was right with the world again.

With lots of waving and loud "thank you", *Vaga* was off for Sakonnet River with a bone in her teeth. Only two major obstacles left, the Old Stone Bridge at Tiverton and the open railroad bridge on the north side of Tiverton Bay.

The Old Stone Bridge at Tiverton is not a bridge at all, but the remains of a bridge from years gone by. The current at this spot will run two to three knots in either direction and the same problem lies at the other end of the bay where an old railroad bridge rests with it's bridge open, rusting away. Without a motor, passage through this area is impossible unless a strong wind is blowing directly from the stern and the current is with you. Today the wind will be blowing directly from the north in this area due to the fact that the two land masses will funnel the northeast wind down between them, changing it's direction.

Now if I can hit the tide correctly all that I must contend with is a contrary wind. Sailing my boat directly into the wind seems to be a problem, as I found out when coming out of the channel.

The distance from Cuttyhunk to the mouth of the Sakonnet River is fourteen nautical miles, which I was able to cover in less than four hours, arriving at noon. Going up the Sakonnet is ten nautical miles, however the current is with me, but the wind will make a beat of it. At this time the wind was up to twenty knots and with my big jib and a reefed down main I was making good time up the river. A Pearson 28 was sailing along with me at the mouth of the river but soon fell behind, for she was not able to carry as much sail. This is sailing at it's best, with the Autohelm I am able to have lunch, read at little and just enjoy the ride. Not to worry about the problems ahead.

Only a fool would not worry about the problems ahead, so with my Eldridge tide book in one hand and my watch in the other I was racing the clock in an effort to hit the tide in my favor. As my luck held the tide held, but just as I thought the wind was coming directly from the north. With a very dry mouth and weak knees I came about as close to the starboard shore as possible and headed for the markers at Old Stone Bridge. By taking the gap at this extreme angle I was able get up enough speed to sail through, as the power boats in the area were giving me my due. I thanked them with a wave of the hand, and a big smile.

Only one more to go, however Tiverton Bay is not large at all and everyone and his brother has a mooring there. I had the workout of my life as we tacked and sailed between boats, large ones, small ones and some as big as the head. Again to the starboard shore as close as possible and then head for the bridge opening. Pray that the narrow hole in the railroad bridge is clear, for here I come, ready or not, and



The narrow channel of Tiverton Bay.

look out you power boats. As a general rule the winds under these bridges (yes there is another bridge overhead, Route 24 to Newport) are flukey due to all the obstructions, but today they are strong, wrong direction, but strong.

My luck prevailed again as we had enough speed, and with the current's help we slipped through the opening and headed for our mooring. The fresh water was deli-

cious as I relieved the dryness in my mouth. My knees stopped shaking, the sun came out for a moment and I felt great. When I arrived back at the ranch late that evening, the wife said everyone was calling to see if I was "dumb enough to be out in this storm".

"What storm?" was my reply.
(To Be Continued)





Dave Getchell was right! Black Island is a great place to family camp in Muscongus Bay. We met a few years ago at Mystic Seaport when he came to speak when John Gardener was honored at the Yachting History Symposium. He had just finished saying what a fine correspondence he and John had over the years when I asked him which island on the Maine Island Trail he would recommend. Write him a letter and ask, he said, so I did. The beautiful response received listed many but recommended Black, so we were off.

The Island: Black is densely wooded with a trail around its high rocky shore. There are two campsites, one by a shingle beach and another a short walk away in amongst some lilac bushes where an old house used to stand. It is said to have a well, but its use is not recommended; we brought our own water. It is private, owned by the Island Institute, with a forever wild conservation easement. Access is allowed to members of the Maine Island Trail Association (call Cate Cronin in Portland (207) 761-8225 to join). Members must promise to clean up the island when they visit; others stop by once in a while to keep an eye on the place.

The Boats: The two "Cats" involved are small (15'), cold-molded, open catboats built for day-sailing and camp-cruising. Ours is Phil Bolger's "Harbinger" design which rows as well as sails; Pete Peters' is Joel White's "Marsh Cat" as modified by Mark Barto to have a tumble-home bow. Both good sailors, we regularly trade places in Traditional Small Craft Association races up and down the east coast. Most importantly they are trailerable, so we can "cruise" from state to state. They are also burdensome, readily accepting families of four and our assorted gear. It is a good thing, too, traveling out from New Harbor my boat looked like something from the "Grapes of Wrath".

In Town: As we trailered the boats into town, that oldest of good luck signs greeted us; a bright rainbow, a double-

Two Cats Loose in Muscongus Bay

By Bill Rutherford

ended one at that. It turned out to be true. The fog they had the previous week left, never to return. Mr. Sun shown brightly and clearly every day after burning off the morning mists and it rained only once, at night. Not bad for mid July.

Tired from our nine and ten hour drives from New Jersey and Pennsylvania, respectively, we pulled into the parking lot of the "Gosnold Arms", a beautiful inn with cottages on the north side of the harbor, above the old steamboat landing. Chris Phinney, the surprisingly youthful proprietor, who did not look anything like Bob Newhart, met us with a, "Hi, you must be the catboaters sailing to the islands," and showed us to our cabins. The girls, our Liz and Susan, ages 15 and 11, and Whitney and Cambridge Peters, ages 13 and 10, immediately moved into cozy and communal Pine Cottage, leaving the more formal Maynard cottage which has separate rooms and a view of the harbor to adults, Karen and I and Pete and Gretchen Peters, which we did not at all mind.

Our plan was to ease into the outdoors gradually, so the boats stayed on their trailers while we freshened up and headed directly for Shaw's Lobster Wharf. Lobster is a once-a-year thing for us and we had been looking forward to it all ride long. All expectations were met as we dipped chunks of lobster in drawn butter out on the back deck at Shaw's and watched the sun go down.

I bought a necklace at Shaw's, to the great good humor of the others. It was a brightly painted orange and white lobster

buoy. I wore it to remind myself to keep a Maine State of Mind all weekend. Others in the group quietly purchased ones before the end of the trip.

After supper we walked in two groups, kids and adults, down to the corner (about half a mile) for ice cream. We adults walked back more slowly; when we returned the girls were already playing charades. We all joined in; the shortest guess, surprisingly, was "The Sound of Music".

Breakfast was Maine blueberry pancakes, bed and breakfast style, in the main dining room of the Gosnold Arms. All agreed that staying in a B&B is a great way to start a camping trip.

After breakfast we hitched up and drove to the ramp at the west end of the harbor. At low tide, the ramp ends in mud rather than water. We flatlanders scratched our heads at this and discussed it with a local, "Punk" Gamage, a retired lobsterman and cruising yacht cook, who heartily recommended a tour of the Pemaquid Point Lighthouse while we waited for the tide to rise. We enjoyably took his advice and after our tour munched lunch sitting in the sun on the rocks out front of the lighthouse while the girls clambered down to the water.

Fortunately, we also stopped at O'Reilly's store and Hanna's Hardware at the crossroads to stock up on ice, water and most importantly, sets of red and white mackerel flies. Hanna's told us how to rig the flies, five at a time for trolling. They also threw in a broken clamming fork that we were not supposed to use without paying for a \$30 license (Punk had said, "I'm supposed to pay \$10 to go dig a mess of clams, and I live here."). We ended up not using the fork, but instead picked a fine mess of mussels right off the rocks.

Back at the ramp, the water was up and people began stopping by as we rigged the boats. Local boat builder/yacht deliverer Jim Austin was launching a beautiful Herreshoff dingy he was giving as a gift to one of his students, a young Frenchman

who was about to set sail for Argentina with his wife and six month old daughter. "They must trust me," he said. Kind of put our trip out to an island in perspective.

Artist Richard Hasenfus stopped by, out on a sunny day from his gallery in Wiscasset. As we messed about launching, he accomplished the only worthwhile work of the day by sketching a watercolor of a non-existent schooner in the harbor.

We loaded, packed, then piled our too-much stuff into our car while the traveling-light Peters wore their one set of layered clothes onto their boat and were ready to go. After a stop at the old steamboat landing to load even more stuff into our boat, we sailed together out of the harbor on a broad reach just as the lobstermen were coming home from their day of work.

The Sail Out: I had carefully plotted courses from buoy to buoy before we left home, but when we got out there were no buoys to be found that matched the ones on the chart. So much for not updating the chart using the "Notices to Mariners". In fact, one buoy #4 showed up where none were expected. This all caused much shouting back and forth between boats since we had no idea what Black Island actually looked like. How could we get lost on a bright, sunny day when we could see all the way to Monhegan?

Part of the reason was all the fish we were catching! Those little red and white flies that Hanna's sold us worked great on mackerel. In our boat, Cambridge and Susan got tired after pulling in 32; Liz and Whitney in Pete's boat caught 40! All in a two hour sail. One time we pulled in four fish on the five flies on the line. I was the designated de-hooker while Karen steered. Needless to say, we got excited and forgot to keep track of which island was going by.

The Island: Pete spied the dry ledges south of Black Island, however, and we identified Harbor Island across from it from the tall masts of the yawls that were moored there for the night. We landed on the shingle beach in a protected cove on the northwest corner of the island just after high tide. We unloaded the boats and got a surprise when we tried to push them back out again but got hung up on the big rocks below the beach. These tides are not only tall, but they are fast. We were hard aground.

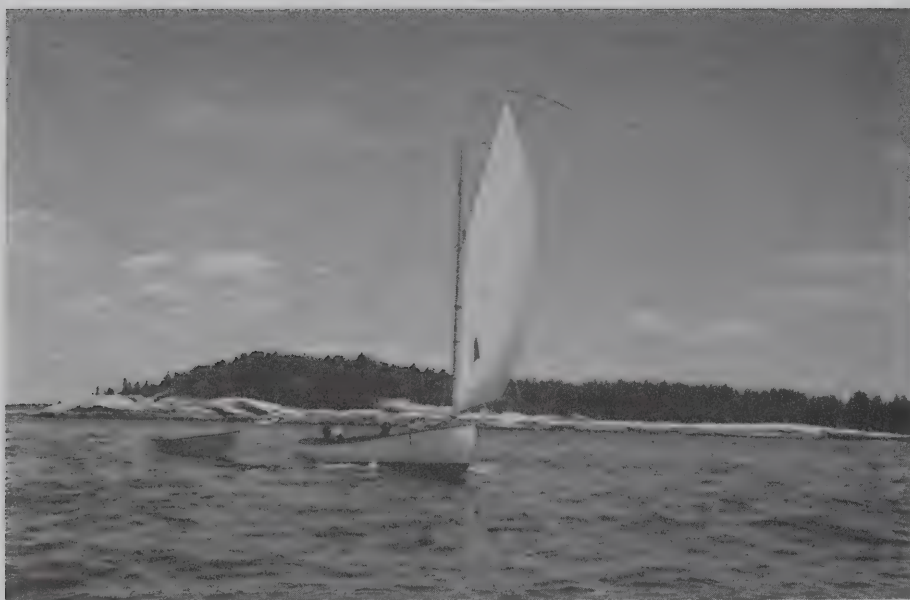
The boats spent the night at odd angles on the rocks below the shingle beach. It would have been better to have just left them on the beach to float again at high tide early the following morning.

We were comfortable, however, having the island to ourselves (it was a Thursday night). We set up our kitchen at the beach and tents over at Lilac campsite on the northeast corner of the island. Our four tents nestled in the lilacs above the ledge rock shore so well that they could not be seen from the water.

Dinner was by the Rutherfords that night. We did not keep any of the fish; the one big one we caught early, so I figured that there would be more larger ones to come, but that was not the case, so we sat down to hamburgers, baked beans and fresh vegetables with Pepperedge Farm cookies for desert. It was dark by the time we finished so the girls made a driftwood fire below the water line at a place where



From the top: Launching the Gull; boats on a beach; motoring down the channel.



one had been made before. The Maine Island Trail Association prefers no fires, but if one must, one like ours.

At 5:30a.m. the unmuffled lobster boat exhausts woke us up as they checked their pots in the channel right beside our camping spot. They came by all morning; the whole bay was peppered with their brightly colored buoys. Two-way radios shouted above the engine noise; one boat with rock and roll music waved to us watching on the shore.

After a breakfast of Cheerios and canned peaches with hot coffee from Pete's gas stove (the girls had bagels), we explored the island. Pete organized a hike to a star-fish pool and Gretchen found a mussel bar. I went for a solo sail in an unburdened boat.

Lunch was yogurt for me and crackers and cheese for the others. We did not eat a lot of fancy food. The girls hiked around the island, climbing the rock ledges, finding a new, speckled fawn and starfish of every possible color.

Friendship: The afternoon activity was a sail to the town of Friendship, just a few islands to the north. The big girls and Gretchen sailed with me in our boat. They caught another dozen mackerel in the way over. Karen and Susan went with Pete and Cambridge in their boat; Susan steered the whole way, which was a first for her. Pete was so relaxed that he dozed off and started to snore. Susan felt great to be in command.

Friendship is a real lobsterman's town and they were all coming into the harbor as we cruised through. There were also a couple of Friendship Sloops (naturally) and a beautiful Rosinante ketch moored in the harbor. On the way back we hugged the shore, sailing near an occupied Osprey's nest on marker #9 and seeing the adults drop feet-first into the water after their prey, pulling flapping fish from the dark blue water as they worked their wings to remain airborne, outlined against a forest of deep green.

Back in the cove, we rigged anchor systems so we could run the boats out on pulleys to float over anchors. My new line which seemed long enough at home was about half as long as needed; it finally dawned on my limited wit to tie on my spare main sheet line and pull the boat out with the combined length. Great idea, except I forgot to tie the other end to the boat, so once out there, I could not get it back. Fortunately, Pete brought his Gloucester Gull dory along. It saved me a swim in some mighty cool water.

It was the Peters family's turn to cook that night, and they really put on a spread. Hors d'oeuvres were steamed mussels that were so tender that they literally melted in our mouths. Gretchen's and Karen's efforts on collecting them and washing them really paid off. The main course was marinated chicken (the secret marinade was Four Seasons salad dressing). After supper the girls hiked around the island again (what energy!) while us old-timers collapsed. Upon their return, the girls built us a nice dry fire again below the waterline, but I, for one, dozed off, stretched right out on the ledge rock. A light rain about 10 pm (our only rain) roused me enough to crawl into a sleeping bag. The rain made a cozy sound on the roof of the tent.

From the top: Breezing across the bay; anchoring at the island; the island beach and cove.

The next morning we awoke to lobster boats roaring in a light mist around the island. Our two boats sat in the center of our cove at low tide like two ducks in a nest. Perhaps they were too close though, as they bumped in the night; probably not enough scope on my anchor. Those seven foot tides demand respect.

Two sea kayakers had joined us in the night. Plenty of room for all. After our usual breakfast we started taking down our tents and packing for the trip back. Pete and Gretchen had less to pack, so they went for a walk and were rewarded by spending about fifteen minutes watching a seal watch them off the channel side of the island.

The Sail Back: Loading all our gear at low tide was a chore, but by lunch we were ready. The sun was out and on again-off again northwest breeze promised to be favorable. We wanted to sail down to Easter Egg Rock to perchance see a puffin from the colony recently re-started there, but our wind gave out. Rowing around an island headland we broke an oar, but the northwesterly came back and we headed towards New Harbor.

We spotted the bell buoy at the entrance, slid over the shallows north of the entrance to the consternation of a resident who thought we were deep draft, and ghosted up New Harbor to the ramp where Pete and Gretchen greeted us with cold beer and sodas. Great Friends!

Back in New Harbor: After pulling out, we returned to the Gosnold Arms and our cozy cabins. Karen and Pete rowed the harbor in the dory shooting photos in the evening light. They in particular caught a Muscongus Bay Punt both in and out of the water (a sheet of plywood bent around a frame to form a round-bottomed box locals use to scull out to their moorings). Later Pete and Cambridge, working as a father/daughter team, made a smaller version that fits inside their catboat's cockpit for travelling. Pete even raced it at St. Michaels, but that's another story.

The rest of us took long, hot showers. Supper was more of those \$9.95 lobster dinners at Shaw's. We retired early.

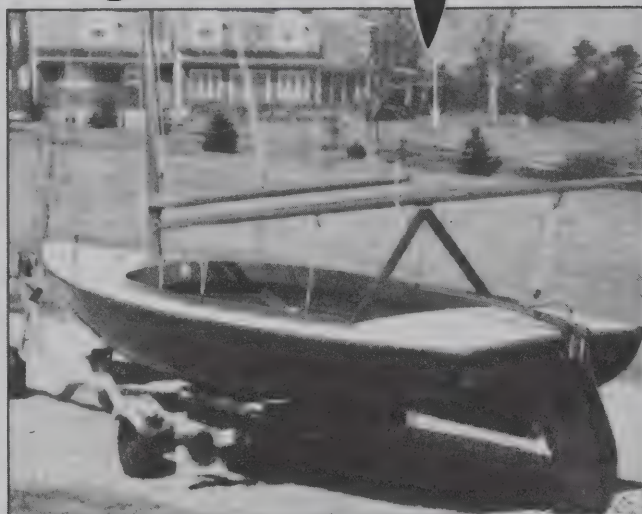
Refreshed, the following morning we breakfasted again in the main dining room of the Gosnold Arms on hearty Maine blueberry pancakes and drank in the view, lit from the left by the morning sun. A fitting leave-taking for me was a dory row up the harbor in the clear morning light, past fishhouses coming alive with lobstermen stacking their traps. Pete was waiting patiently at the ramp to take the dory out and rest it atop the van for the long trip home.

On Back Home: After a quick stop at O'Reilly's for post cards, it was point the rig south to Mystic, Connecticut to drop off Liz and Whitney for a week of sailing at the Seaport Sailing School. Then it was time for good-byes and drive on down I-95 to Pennsylvania and New Jersey, already thinking about next year and how to stow less gear in the same amount of space. Great fun! Good thinking material for all winter long.



From the top: On the rocks; Muscongus Bay punt in New Harbor; loading up for home.

Baybird



By Compass Classic Yachts

The *Baybird*, designed in 1918 by Starling Burgess of Marblehead, Massachusetts, has proven herself with 77 years of sailing. The fine lines of this shallow draft centerboard hull make her fast in light wind and easy to control in a stiff breeze. A low gaff rig gives her an efficient but not overpowering sail plan. The 8' open cockpit has comfortable seats for an afternoon sail with the whole family. Decks fore and aft and a high wood coaming keep her cockpit dry.

Because of her basially safe and forgiving design, the *Baybird* has been used extensively as a sail trainer and racer at many of Cape Cod's yacht clubs and summer sailing camps. The Compass Classic Yachts' *Baybird* is a replica built by Merv Hammatt, who learned to sail and to love sailing, in a *Baybird*, at his family's Quanset Sailing Camp in South Orleans, MA.

The *Baybird* hull was originally built in wood by the William Chamberlain boat shop in Marblehead, but is now produced as a replica by Compass Classic Yachts. She is the same boat, but, with a cored fi-

berglass hull and deck for minimum maintenance. Positive foam flotation is built in under the deck and in the hull making her unsinkable. Colors are molded in gelcoat or urethane painted for lasting beauty and her bright work has multiple coats of varnish. Custom cast bronze hardware is used on the deck and rig. Lead ballast is molded into the hull at the centerboard trunk for stability. Her bottom has been painted with anti-fouling paint.

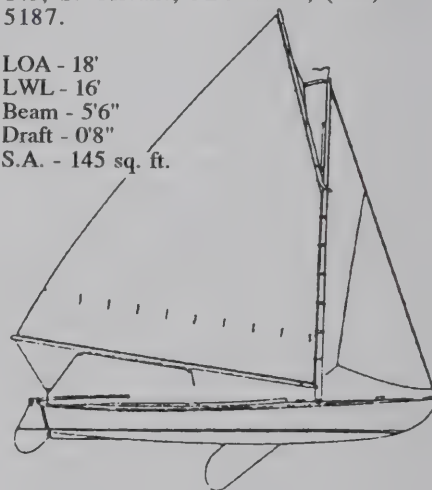
The *Baybird* stands apart from most fiberglass sailboats, highlighted by her steam bent varnished oak coaming and her long sweep of varnished oak rub rail. Wood seats and floorboards in satin varnish contrast with the spar varnished oak centerboard cap and with hand carved wood main and jib sheet cleats. The lazarette door caps the detail with its silhouetted "Yellowlegs" shorebird, the *Baybird* of Marblehead harbor in 1918.

The *Baybird* spars are hand planed from fir or spruce with four coats of spar varnish. Custom laminated gaff jaws duplicate the originals. Most rigging hardware is custom cast bronze, some from original patterns. Traditional wood hoops

are used on the luff, and the same tradition laces the sail to the boom and gaff. Leaving tradition for durability, the standing rigging is stainless steel and running rigging three strand dacron. Main and jib are custom sewn from soft dacron.

Compass Classic Yachts, Inc., Box 143, S. Orleans, MA 02662, (508) 255-5187.

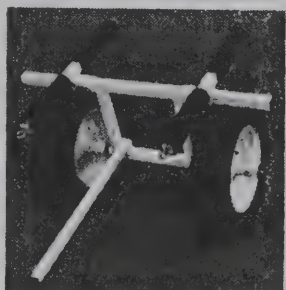
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A Second-Generation Tug is Built by a Third Generation

By Hugh Ware

Sam Crocker was a helluva boat designer. Mostly sailboats, but some motorboats and fishing vessels. And one tug designed for his son. You will find *Akbar* described on page 234 of *Sam Crocker's Boats; A Design Catalog*, written by S. Sturgis Crocker, that son.

Sturge has a boatyard in Manchester, Massachusetts, and built *Akbar* as a yard workboat. He started in 1951 and launched her in 1956; it got worked on when there wasn't anything else that had to be done first. Only thirty feet long, its displacement of 11,652 pounds reflected its solid construction. Sturge installed a big 6-330 Gray gasoline engine with a healthy 3.5:1 reduction.

Among other jobs, *Akbar* broke ice around boats in water storage. Climbing up onto ice up to 12" thick, *Akbar's* weight would break it. But the original three-bladed prop ended up looking, as Sturge puts it, "like a tulip." A four-bladed 34" by 24" prop resisted ice better because pieces had a harder time getting between the blades.

Years passed and Sturge turned yard operation over to his son Sam. *Akbar* continued in steady use, pulling moorings and breaking ice. Eventually, Sam took out the Gray (Sturge violently hates diesel engines, as I discovered in our very first conversation some thirty-odd year ago, but now has one in his own boat!), put in a diesel, and changed the prop again. *Akbar* soldiered on toward her fortieth birthday.

Then Sam decided to build a copy. It's been underway for three years but Sam is accelerating work as he needs the space now that the recession is fading away. The new boat, name yet to decided, is pretty much like the original. Still oak frames, some sawn near the bow, the rest steamed into place. Still mahogany planking, some Honduras and some Philippine, and a little thicker at 1-1/4". Every plank steamed before it would snug into place. Fastenings aren't galvanized this time, as today's galvanizing is inferior to yesterday's. Instead, the deadwood is fastened with monel bolts, while monel nails hold the planking up to the waterline with stainless steel bolts above the waterline.

The new boat has the same model engine as *Akbar*, 414 cu. in. of John Deere diesel putting out 120hp. Sam thinks he might even use the same prop he removed when he took out *Akbar's* gas engine. He thinks it'd work out because of differences in the reduction gearings. Fire and bilge pumps will be installed, just as on the older boat.

But there are changes that reflect lessons learned and progress in technology. The stern bulwark is now a solid lamination of mahogany planks instead of being a pine covering over the bulwarks. The rail caps will be black locust (cut by my son's sawmill). Fiberglassing will extend to the rail caps instead of to the waterline, for icebreaking is hard on a wooden boat. The superstructure is made from MDO (medium density overlaid) plywood. And



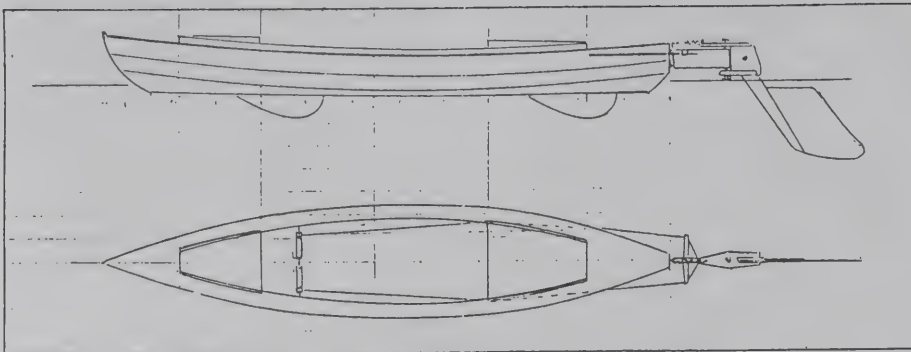
the West system of epoxy glues is used.

Sam changed the way moorings are hauled. Originally, a sheave on the bow of *Akbar* was used but Sam says, "Taking a strain on a 5000lb mooring will lift the propeller out of the water." A removable sheave was added to *Akbar's* stern, which improved affairs. Sam has decided that the new boat will have a permanent stern roller and a husky vertical capstan on the

stern deck.

A rarity sits at the end of Ashland Avenue in Manchester—very-much-by-the-Sea, Massachusetts; a wooden tugboat is being built. It's worth seeing. As I write this, the hull is planked, the engine is in, and the superstructure is roughed in. Launching shouldn't be far away, for she can be finished alongside the floats. Then old *Akbar* will be for sale. Any takers?





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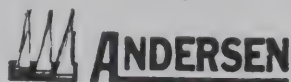
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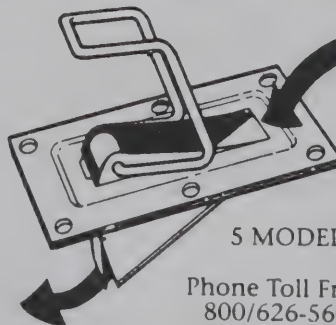
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Five Classics Restored

The Museum of Yachting's School for Yacht Restoration in Newport, Rhode Island, was established in 1987 to teach students the basic skills required to repair, maintain and restore wooden yachts, using both traditional and modern tools and techniques.

The first project, in 1987-88, was a partial restoration of the Reimers-designed 30-Square Meter *Cythera*, built in Sweden in 1937 for Charles Francis Adams. After almost 40 years of active ownership by Charles Kilvert of Nantucket, Massachusetts, *Cythera* had been donated to the Museum of Yachting in 1985. After restoration of her mid-section, she joined the Museum fleet in 1990 and finished first in Class D at the 1991 and 1992 Classic Yacht Regattas.

In 1989 and 1990, the Herreshoff S-Boat *Canty* was the focus of the students' attention. *Canty* was donated to the Museum by the Narragansett Bay S-Class Association.

Oriole II, a 30-Square Meter designed by L.F. Herreshoff and built in 1930 for Sis Hovey to sail in European competition, became the project for the 1991 Restoration School season. This fine example of a development class racer of that period provided competition for *Cythera* in the Museum's annual Classic Yacht Regatta.

The Herreshoff Fish Class yacht *Anchovy* was restored during the school's 1992 term. In addition to participation in the Museum's Small Boat Regattas, *Anchovy* was on display at the Wooden Boat Show and represented the Museum in the WOOD and Wind Hill Regattas.

The Dark Harbor 17-1/2 *Bandwagon* was the focus of the 1993 and 1994 classes. *Bandwagon* was designed by B.B. Crowningshield in 1907 and built in 1930. She was donated to the Museum in 1992 by Paul McCaffrey of Newport. Work on *Bandwagon* was completed during the 1994 term and she was launched in July.

The School starts off its 1995 season on January 21st with ongoing weekly self-contained classes working on the further restoration of *Cythera*. The Saturday classes run 9am to 4pm through April 22nd, with different aspects of the project each week. Students are accepted on a week to week basis at \$25 each class or for the entire series of 12 classes for \$200.

Museum of Yachting, P.O. Box 129, Newport, RI 02840, (401) 847-1018.



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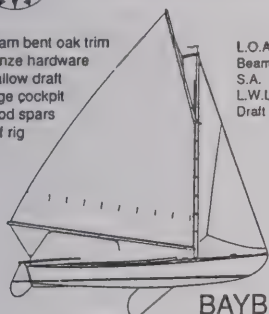
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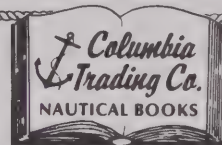
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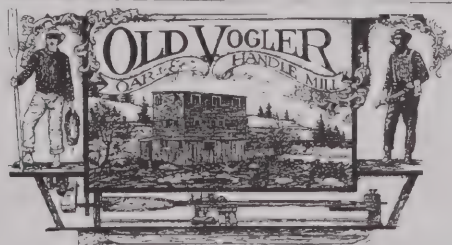


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'Nuf...a Featherweight Dory

By Carl Chamberlin

The seeds for the design of 'Nuf were sown around the time of my daughter Shelley's birth. A friend and I began scheming on the possibilities of a small fishing boat, something light and unobtrusive that could be easily carried to and from the water, with enough capacity for one of us and 40 pounds of gear. As it turned out, his need was not searing, and we didn't go any further. The concept, however, had taken root, and I began to contemplate a boat for Shelley.

Time passed and fathering became my pastime. Shelley and I began going out in our 12' skiff. At first, she remained bundled up on the after thwart. Later, as she reached three, she insisted on rowing by herself. I became determined to get her a boat of her own, something stable and light enough so that she could handle it in the water and pull it up the beach by herself. Oars were called for as it would be a few years before she could handle a double paddle. After measuring her and estimating her growth, I guessed that a boat with a 30" beam and 4-1/2' oars would be about right. More beam would be too much for double paddling, and I wanted a boat for both.

Experience with kayaks had taught me that a flat-floored midsection was necessary to get initial stability. It's true that a flat-bottomed section is harder to push than a vee or rounded one; however, with the length of boat I was considering, the power available would be more than enough to reach hull speed.

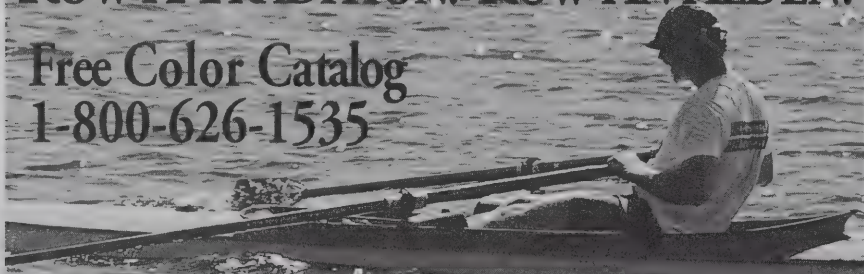
By now the requirements were as follows: Easy to build; as light as possible (not over 40lbs); not over 12' long (preferably less); full in the ends (if under 10-1/2') to maintain the desired displacement with a minimum of 7" to 8" of freeboard; flat floored; 30" beam; and undecked. I wanted an open boat so that Shelley and I could use it together. Also, an open boat offers easy access to the interior (for storage and maintenance) and ease of boarding.

Plywood was the obvious choice for a building material. The next dilemma was length. Should I use 8', 10', or 12' ply? (I allowed myself only one sheet per boat). The models using 8' sheets ended up as punts that didn't really appeal to me and probably would have been wet. I was sure that for a given freeboard at the ends, an 11-1/2' boat from 12' ply would be more likely to bury its bow into an oncoming wave. The issue was settled when some suitable pieces of 1/4" x 10' marine plywood became available, enough for a 9-1/2' craft.

Shelley was four now, and I knew I'd better get to work. Starting with a doubler, I drew up a midsection with 12" sides (leaving 24" of ply for the bottom) and a 30" beam. The flare was adjusted to give enough rocker to get about 175lbs displacement with the ends just clear of the water. This gave 12" of freeboard at the

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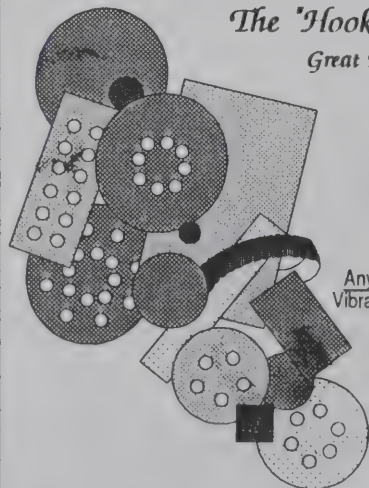
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ends and about 7-1/2" at the lowest point. A 1/4 size model refined my design. A little juggling with the placement of two identical frames gave the asymmetrical shape and proportions I wanted, and I was able to loft the lines and get the exact layout of the frames and ends.

I eventually got the stitch-and-glue construction reduced to the simplest I could imagine, using 1" x 4"s as stock for the solid members and one sheet of 10' ply for everything else.

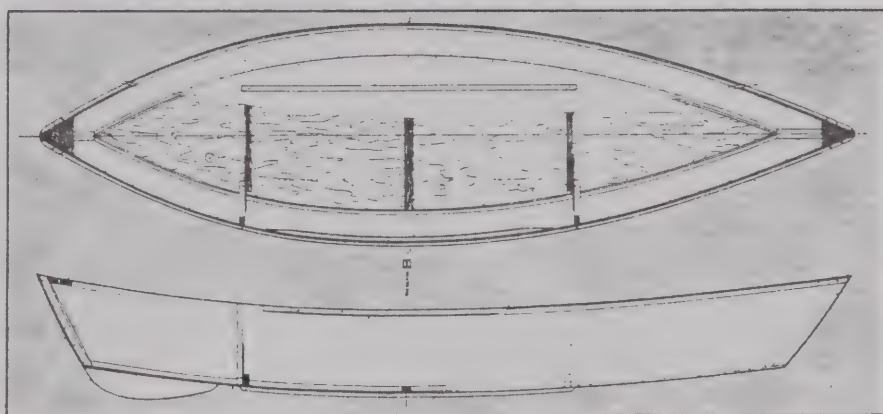
After lengthy negotiations, Shelley agreed that if the oars I'd promised her were painted pink with baby blue circles on the blades, I wouldn't have to paint the whole boat pink. Latex was chosen primarily so that Shelley could help me without the usual mess, but also to test its durability. I got the double paddle worked out, and we were ready for a summer of extensive "hands-on" trials.

It handled as I wanted, was easy to get into and off the beach, tracked true when coasting or reducing power, and responded quickly to any turning moment. Though not as stable as my canoe, its stability was greater than the kayaks I've had. When accelerating, it would zigzag, but nothing like a slalom kayak. The best thing was its light weight, 30lbs.

When the time came for Shelley to try it by herself, I swam behind her. She quickly got away from me even though the double paddle was too big for her. The only problem she had was a yelling father; I couldn't get her to come back. Then, when she did return, she landed just where she chose. I was tickled.

Another time, I ventured through the surf on the Oregon coast. The waves weren't breaking very high, 3-1/2-4', but I hadn't had 'Nuf in anything bigger than small powerboat wakes. I donned my life jacket, climbed in, and paddled out to meet the first breaker. Ten or so waves later, with maybe half a gallon of water aboard, I was beyond the surf and in the ocean!

Getting back was hairier. I took off surfing uncontrollably and shipped about 5 gallons over the quarter. Though it slowed the boat, I did make it ashore without dumping. The next time I encountered rough water, I approached it with confidence.

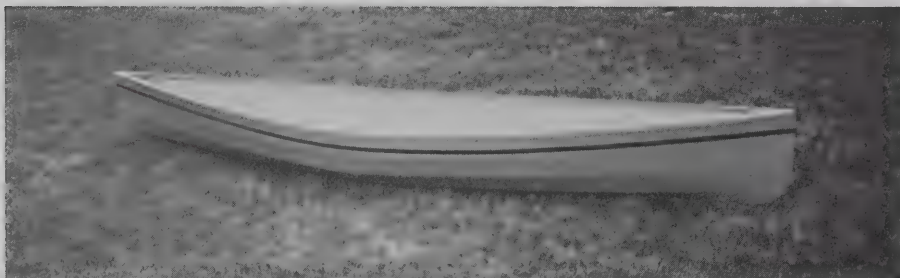
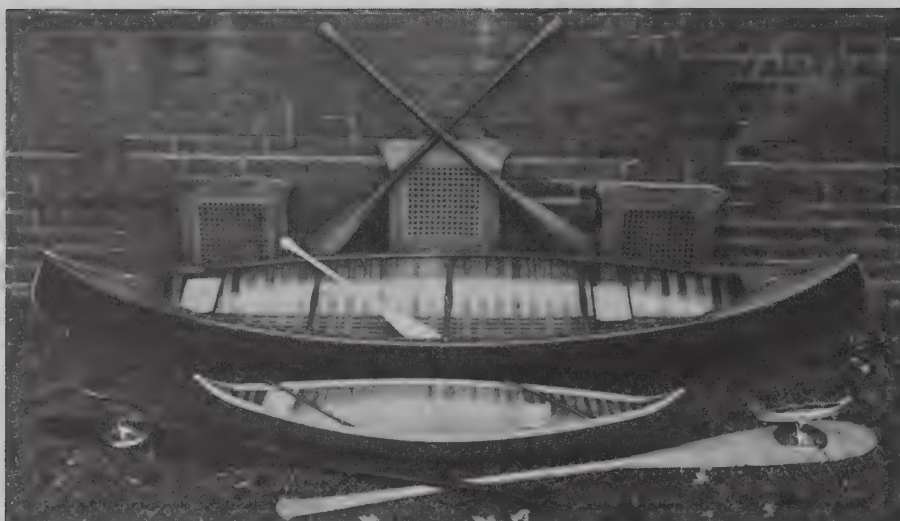


Shelley eventually got her pink oars, and during the rest of the summer became quite proficient with them. After much modifying, I devised a seat from the same sheet of plywood. The boat definitely needs some kind of footrest, which I haven't yet figured out (I sit crosslegged). The average construction time is probably about 20 to 30 easy hours. I'm sure that if

production were the issue several could be built in a day, but who wants to go into production? After all, the boat's meant for fun, and as its name implies, that's a 'Nuf.

Editor's Comments: Plans are available from Carl Chamberlin, Basic Boats, PO Box 709, Port Townsend, WA 98368.





What You Are Building

Our Own Salesman's Sample

Due to an overwhelming response we had to the 1924 8' Old Town salesman's sample, and the unavailability of any more, we have decided to produce our own salesman's sample built by renowned boat builder and co-author of *The Wood & Canvas Canoe*, Rollin Thurlow.

The boat we have decided to have built is a half-scale model of a 1908 B.N. Morris Type 3, 17'1", AA grade, long decked canoe with all the trimmings (floorboards, brass stem bands, flagpoles, sockets, mahogany trim). Prototype #1 arrived just in time for Christmas and was all that we could have hoped for: The style and grace of a Morris canoe finished with the care for detail and quality workmanship that is characteristic of Rollin's work. We feel the model is a tribute to B.N. Morris himself.

The canoe is 8'6" long and in perfect half-scale. It really translates well at this size. How does it perform? Nessmuck was unavailable for comment.

Robert Ross, Ross Brothers, 28 N. Maple St., Florence, MA 01060.

Modified Wee Lassie

This is a 12' stitch and glue modified Wee Lassie I have built, the inspiration for it provided by Skip Snaith's book, *Canoes & Kayaks for the Backyard Builder*. It has a 26" beam and weighs just under 20lbs. The seat isn't visible in the photo but is 3" off the V-bottom. This canoe is for my six year old son Mark.

I also just completed a 15' V-bottom solo canoe with a beam of 32" and a weight of 38lbs. Both use 3mm lauan and epoxy/fiberglass cloth. Building them provided me with an interesting diversion from my usual work restoring traditional wood/canvas canoes.

Gil Cramer, The Wooden Canoe Shop Inc., Rt. 4 03583, RD 13, Bryan, OH 43506.

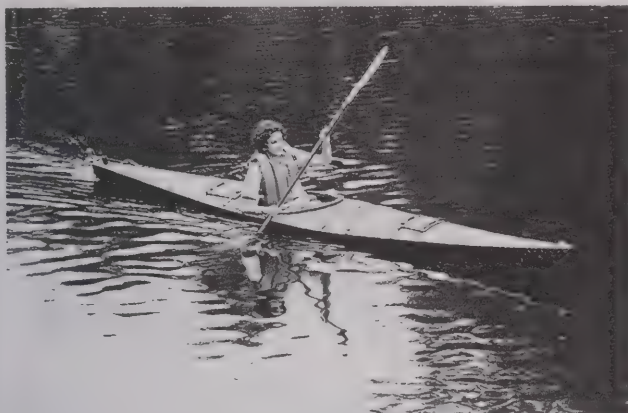
A Little Cranky, But...

Here is a canoe 15' long that I made by scaling up the plans of my 11' solo canoe. All building materials and methods are the same. Although it is 1/8" ply it is very stiff and weighs just 67 lbs.

This seems to be the only way to get my wife to go out with me. With the V-bottom it's a little bit cranky but if you part your hair in the middle and chew two pieces of gum you won't get wet, maybe!

Bob Sparks, Swamp Yankee Boats, 36 Soundview Hts., Branford, CT 06405.

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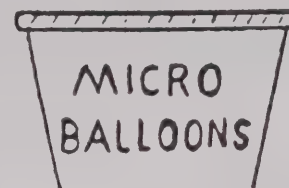
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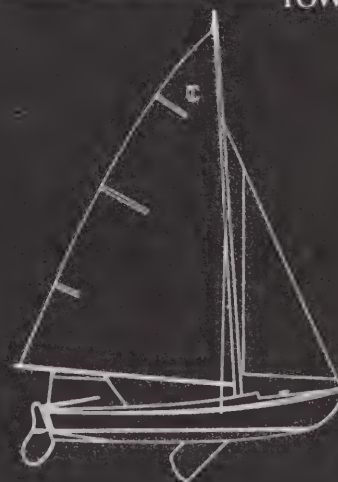
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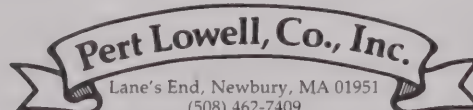
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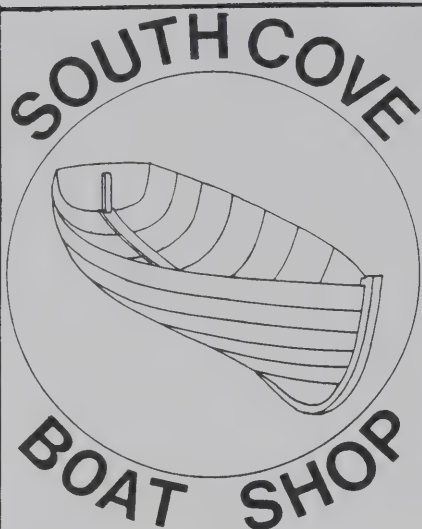
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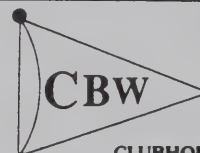
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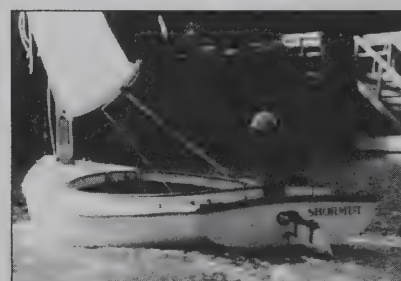


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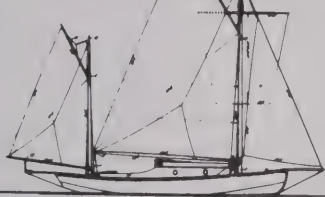
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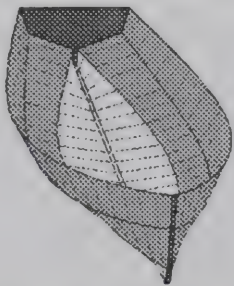
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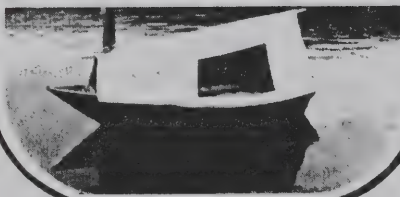
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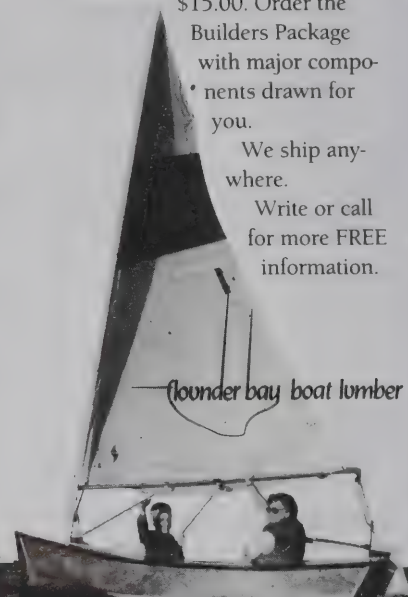
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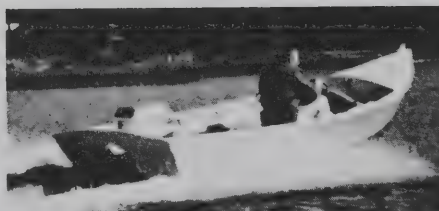
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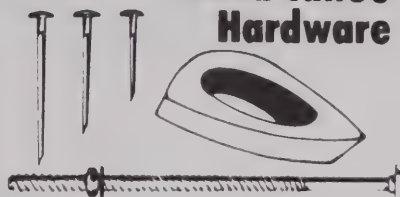
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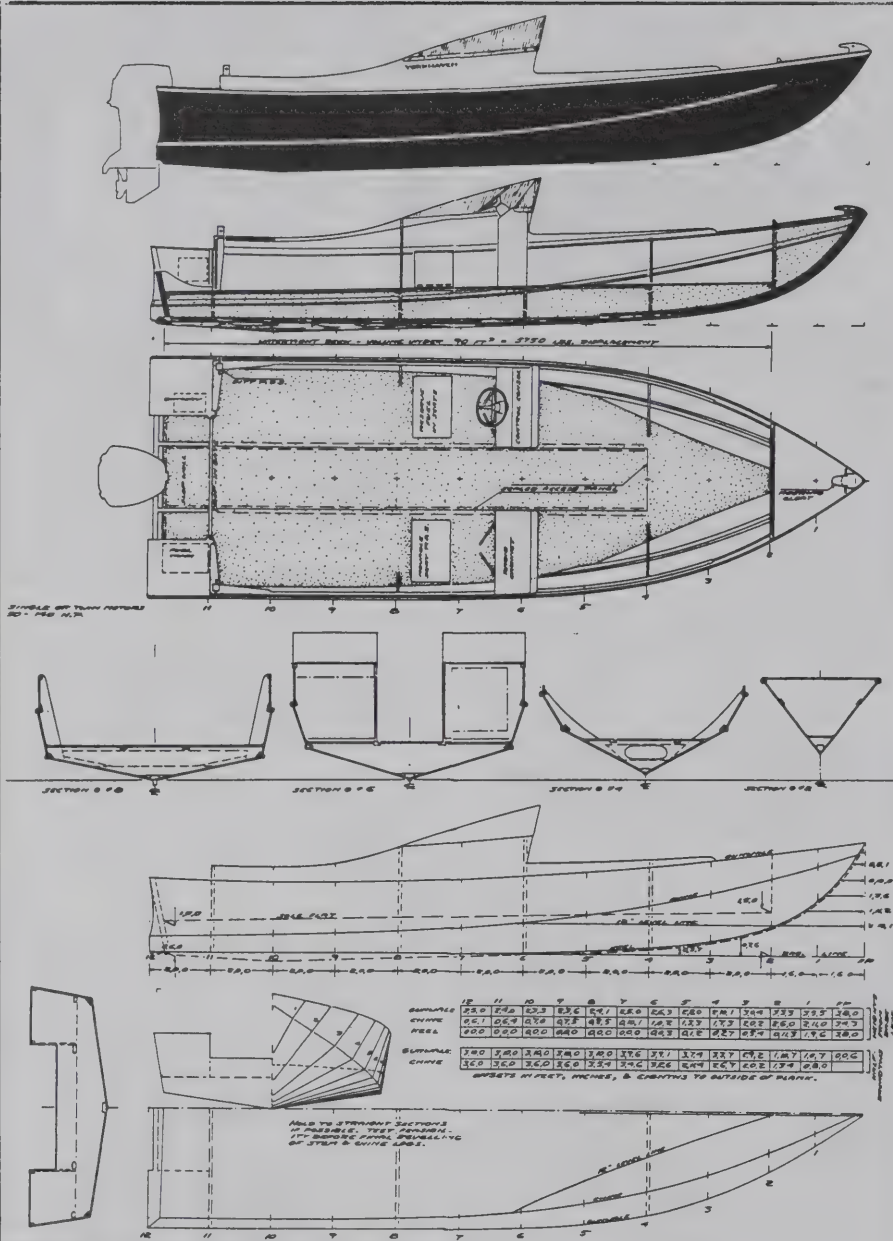
Bolger on Design

Outboard Utility

23'0" x 7'8"

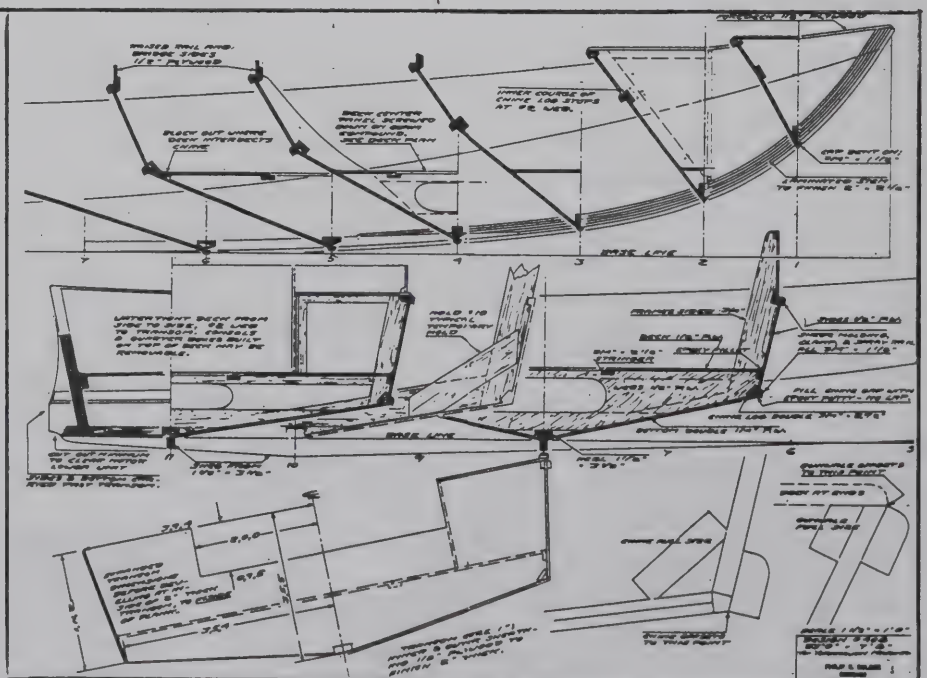
This design was intended to be built in small numbers for local sales by a Connecticut boatyard, but as far as I know none were built. The watertight flush deck encloses a displacement of over 5700 lbs., though it has to be kept in mind that it would take a lot less to put the stem under. I think many people don't realize that the freeboard of a boat like this is the height of her scuppers, not of her sides which are just bulwarks. The decked in quarters here give this one a little more reserve buoyancy, and she has a gate across the stem to discourage a big slop.

The bow shape is improved by the use of tortured plywood, forced out of a true expanded shape which would have had convex sections where straight ones are shown here. It takes a lot of force to make the sheets conform to sections like this, and care to avoid unfair buckling of the sheets. If it's well done the resulting shape has a cleaner, softer action in a chop, and, to my eye, a much better looking hull.



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Classified Marketplace

BOATS FOR SALE

'94 Alden Single Ocean Rowing Shell, white hull, red deck, Oarmaster riggers & graphite oars, all perf cond. Any reasonable offer.
ROBERT MC KENNA, Winthrop, MA, (617) 846-3213. (19)

10-1/2' Pointy Skiff, Phil Bolger design, epoxy coated ext ply. Will make exc tender. Brand new \$450.
JACK CURLEY, Saugus, MA, (617) 231-7089. (19)

16' Jinni Daysailer/Campcruiser, Bolger Common Sense design. Professionally bilt, 2 yrs old. West System, marine ply, FG construction. kickup rudder & single kickup leeboard. Tanbark sails w/reef points. Lg cockpit seats 4+ adults, slps 2 on raised floorboards. Lg watertight storage compartment fwd. Pictured in Dec. 15, '93 issue pg 22. Fully equipped, ready to go on tilt trlr. Has had vy little use, stored inside. \$2,200 neg, poss trade for sea kayak or stable open water rowing boat. Delivery possible in northeast.
BRUCE LETSCH, RFD #5A, Box 320, Gardiner, ME 04345, (207) 582-7095. (19)

19'6" Lowell 19 Sailing Dory, FG, sloop rig, Sitka mast, decked, lapstrake (mistaken for wood), 9' oars, motor mount, summer cover, winter rafter system, dual axle trlr in fair cond. Fast able craft @ fair price, \$3,000.
MIKE DRISCOLL, Boston, MA, (617) 437-0446 days, (617) 232-2325 eves. (19)

16' OldTown Canoe, wood/canvas, grt wood been FG, \$695. Dagger Copper Whitewater Solo Canoe fully rigged, \$495.
JOHN MARONA, Granby, CT, (203) 589-1844 days, (203) 653-5748 eves. (19)

17' Thistle, wooden, gd hull & sails, nds rudder & rig. On homemade trlr, \$500 OBO or trade. Beetle Cat, compl, nds work, \$500 OBO.
DAN GUAJARDO, Harwich, MA, (508) 430-0065. (19)

14' Pen Yan, mid deck w/wheel, early '50's. Low skill project. Trade for?
RON SILLIMAN, New London, NH, (603) 526-9363. (19)

Winter Clearance Sale: Small Sailboats, 8'-16', new and demos, \$259-\$1995. Dinghies, all new, \$199-\$775. Kayaks, touring & whitewater, new, demo and rental, over 75 in stock, \$135-\$2520. Call for detail listings.
CAPE ANN SMALL CRAFT, Gloucester, MA, (508) 281-6530. (19)

Old Town Otca Canoe for restoration. New Old Town Guide in stock along w/hundreds of other canoes.
FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A Newbury, MA 01951, (508) 465-0312. (19)

Dirigo Sea Kayak, Maine bilt for the connoisseur. New cond, unused, extras.
Kittery, ME, (207) 439-3045. (19)

Schooner Inc. Benefit Clearance. 16' Swampscott Dory, decked, carvel planked, wood, vy finely made, ail rig incl, almost new trlr, exc cond, \$3,500. 17' Gypsy Dory, Phil Bolger designed, gd cond, wood construction, sailing rig, trlr in exc cond, \$1,000. 17' Thunderbird Bowrider, FG Model Signa 17, 115hp, '77, ran 2 yrs ago. W/trlr in exc cond, '91, 14" wheels, rollers. Boat & trlr \$1,000. 15' O'Day Javelin, FG, new sails, recent overhaul, gd cond, \$1,000. 14' Dory, plywood construction, w/mast 7 sail, gd cond, \$500. 12.6' Sailboard, stable beginner board, Hieniken model, compl w/sails, mast & daggerboard, gd cond, \$200. 8' Fatty Knees Sailing Dinghy, FG w/sailing rig, rudder & daggerboard, gd cond, \$1,000. 17' Van de Stadt Siren 17 Sailboat w/cuddy cabin, sails & covers, newly painted & overhauled, gd cond, \$2,000.
SCHOONER, INC., 60 S. Water St., New Haven, CT 06519, (203) 865-1737. (19)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION:

Classified ads are **FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS** for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

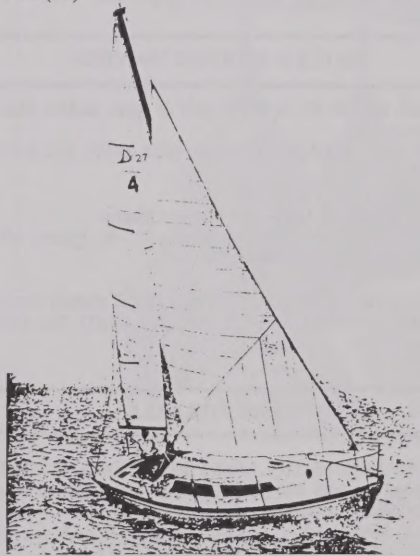
A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad to cover the cost to us of the necessary halftone. For return of photo following publication include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at \$.25 per word per issue. To assure accuracy please type or print clearly your ad copy. Mail to "Boats", 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA, 01984. Please no telephoned ads.

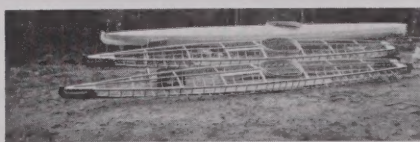
(Starting with the August 1, 1994 issue, I have revised the ad format by using **bold print** for each boat/item advertised to better highlight them for ease of locating your needs.)

18' Herreshoff America Catboat, exc cond w/trlr, diesel engine, wheel steering, roller reef jib, compl equipped. \$8,000.
H. BAUHAN, P.O. 177, Boyce, VA 22620, (703) 837-1287. (19)

'94 Greenland II Folbot Folding Kayak, 2 seater, vy stable but fast. Exc cond, used 1 season. Accessories: 2 paddles, foot rudder, flotation bags, sail rig, 2 storage bags, 2 seats, 2 Lashite rubber straps. \$1,400.
ALLYN BRADFORD, Cambridge, MA, (617) 354-7913. (19)



27' Dockrell 27/825 Cruising Cutter, 8' beam, 3' draft, 7,000lbs displ (3,200lbs lead/antimony), 400 sq ft sail area, two cyl diesel IB. Proven shoal draft trailerable blue water sailer. 6' hdrm cabin layout w/ 5 berths in 2 cabins offers superb liveability for extended cruising. New price in '79 \$22,000, today's new price \$55,000, '88 Yellow Book price \$13,800. Asking \$8,300, please make offer.
STANLEY SHAIN, New Bedford, MA, (508) 995-7008 work, (800) 853-2525 lv message. (19)



18' Handmade Single Baidarka Kayak. Wood frame/nylon hypalon skin. New. Bilt by instructors in boatbuilding course. \$3,000 firm.
TED WALSH, Conway, NH, (603) 447-6711 days, (603) 447-3643 eves. (19P)

11'6" Classic Columbia Sailing Yacht Tender, custom bilt, exquisite detail & quality. Fully equipped incl trlr. \$4,500 takes her.
JIM DOOLEY, Marshfield, MA, (617) 834-2979. (19P)

17' Grady White Hatteras Runabout, classic, nds restoration. Some dry rot in stern. Make offer.
PAT DE VITO, Norwalk, CT, (203) 853-9027. (19P)

17' Swampscott Dory, brand new sailing dory w/OB well, rigged & ready to go. Bldr's own boat being sold unexpectedly, a rare opportunity to own a classic design that incl both traditional & modern materials for ease of maintenance. Oars, mast, boom, mainsail, jib, rudder, tiller, yoke (interchangeable w/tiller) & custom mooring cover are parts of package for \$5,500. Trlr available.
NED COSTELLO, Middle Haddam, CT, (203) 267-6847. (20)

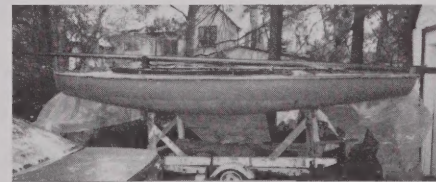
Geodesic Classic 10, by Monfort (see pg 12 Nov 1st issue). Oak, cherry & mahogany. New, w/sail, \$1,000.
DICK HUTCHINS, 26419 Asbury ave., Crisfield, MD 21817, (410) 968-2362. (20)

17' Dirigo Sea Kayak, w/spray skirt & 8' Werner San Juan paddle, \$1,100. VCP Selkie Sea Kayak, expedition model w/skeg, Henderson deck pump, spray skirt & Lendall Powermaster paddle, \$1,100.
WILSON HUGHES, Amherst, NH, (603) 673-1460. (20)

14' Thayer Whitehall, prof finished FG hull, mahog seats/trim, spruce spars, dacron sail. \$2,750.
MARK NASH, St. Peters, MO, (314) 926-0895. (20)

17' Folbot Folding Kayak, 2 person, vy stable, wood & aluminum frame, store in closet. Incl spray skirt & 1 paddle. Asking \$500. Can deliver to MA.
DON CURRY, Topsham, ME, (207) 725-6914. (20)

17' Amesbury Dory/Workboat, mahogany rowing type bilt by Hiram Lowell approx 20 yrs ago for service as workboat in sea-mossing industry. Performed valiantly in that capacity for over 10 yrs then semi-retired for rowing only. Capable of being rowed solo or double, solo rower should weigh 170lbs or more & be in exc shape. Come w/8-1/2' oars & thole pins, no trlr. Having Grand Banks dory bilt & nd cash, asking \$800 OBO.
PAUL HICKMAN, 46 Eames Way, Marshfield, MA 02050, (617) 834-8904. (20)



20' Celebrity Keel Sloop, (#CK197), incl sails, cradle & storage trlr. Wooden boat & mast w/FG overlay on hull. Nds work (doesn't every wooden boat?), trlr nds axle, sails & cradle OK. Wife insists it's either boat or me. Since I love my wife please bring a flat bed truck & \$350 and off you'll go.
DAVID BLOOMGARDEN, Great Neck, NY, (516) 487-1767. (20)

28' Eldrige & MacInnis Powerboat, '56. Novi style hull, Palmer 120hp gas engine, fwd V-berths. Hull nds transom work, rubrail, deck patching & a lot of cosmetics. Would make inexpensive sportfisherman or camp/cruiser. Asking \$200 to bind deal.
STEVE SMITH, Eastham, MA, (508) 255-8226 before 9pm. (20)

Bolger Boats: Brick, 8' sailing punt, \$200. Zephyr, 20' sailing sharpie, \$375. \$500 for both.
RICK CATLETT, JR., St. Petersburg, FL, (813) 823-8070. (20)



27' Friendship Sloop, pine over oak frames, blt '71 by Phil Nichols, Round Pond, ME. New topsails & jib '93. Atomic 4. One owner last 14 yrs. Much TLC. Stored indoors each winter. FSS #112, *Secret*. \$8,500. Dinghy & electronics available.
BOB MONK, Burlington, MA, (617) 272-9658. (20)

Canoe Sale: 16' Rushton W/C "B" grade, nds work. **16' Peterborough** English 20 style. **16' Kennebec**, early 1900's. **16' B.N. Morris** serial #15487. **15' Racine**, Muskegon, MI. **17' Old Town** sailing canoe compl. **12' Penn Yan** car topper. **Old Town Sailing Rigs** compl & original. Call for prices.
BUD LUCE, Fenton, MI, (810) 629-5849. (20)

16' Lapstrake Catboat (seems larger), blt '78 by John D. Little. Exc cond w/new Doyle sail. Brand new trlr incl. Cuddy will sleep 2+. New bunk & cockpit bench cushions. All for \$7,000 OBO. **23' Deering Catboat**, blt in Nantucket '29. Beautiful lines. Nds work but wonderful boat otherwise. Tons of mahogany. Compl but w/o sail. \$1,500.
MARK LITTLE, P.O. Box 171, Hull, MA 02045, (617) 925-9096. (20)

23' Christian Carpenter Cruising Sailboat, w/trlr & OB. Trade for help bldg modest cottage in western NC.
KEN PAGANS, Corpus Christi, TX, (512) 949-9386. (21)

Piscataqua Wherry, blt by Pauliotte from museum plans. Cedar on oak, mahogany trim. Gunter rig, red dacron main & jib. 2 sets 7' S&T spoon oars, bronze hrdwre & pulleys, cushions, anchors, etc. Just refinished and interior oiled. Super cond, rows beautifully. Galv Cox trlr. \$2,500 firm.
RAY SOBEL, Lebanon, NH, (603) 448-4246. (23)

10' Chaisson Lapstrake Tender, wooden, 4' beam. Stern, frames & cleats oak, transom, sheer, seats mahogany, bottom & garboards FG. True classic, blt '88 by Whittier Voc. Tech boat school graduate. \$2,300.
DON GALVIN, 3 Westford St., Saugus, MA 01906, (617) 231-0710, (617) 233-6214. (23P) **PHOTO**

Clearing the Decks (Ways?). 11' Cartopper, no oars, w/parts for CB & rudder, \$200. **14' Peapod**, decked for rowing, no oars, \$650. **14' Cuddy Cabin** similar to Rabl's no spit & polish boat for the water Gypsy, 6hp LS Evinrude, trlr (2 spare wheels), \$350. **16' Great Pelican**, full red 7 white main & jib by Norseman, all spars. Nds to be rigged. Rugged \$2,000 Shoreline 4" channel trlr, 13" wheels w/spare, customized for Pelican. \$1,995 firm.
STAN DZIEJMA, S. Walpole, MA, (508) 668-3879. (TF)

23' Rob Roy Canoe Yawl, rare classic, exc cond. Brewer designed. Dk grn FG hull, CB, tabernacle mast, gunter rig, 5 tanbark sails, roller furling, bronze portholes, teak trim in/out, head w/holding tank, speed/depth log, dual axle trlr w/uprights, 5hp Nissan in well. Shoal draft easy single-hander, slps 2. \$15,000.
MARTIN BASSANI, 3109 Palm Dr., Delray Beach, FL 33483, (407) 734-0402. (TF)

BOATS WANTED

Maurice Griffiths Designs, Eventide, Athaena, Waterwitch? Shoal draft, bilge keels.
ANDREW MOORE, Brooklyn, NY, (718) 486-8049. (20)

Cruising Catamaran, 31' or smaller. Pacific northwest area, any cond, projects okay.
JEREMY MARSHALL, Ft. Lewis, WA, (026) 572-6627. (20)

14'-15' Catboat, or **Rowing/Sailing Skiff**. Easy to tow & rig.
BRUCE KENNEY, Nyack, NY, (914) 353-2958, EMAIL brucek9126@aol.com. (20)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

Winter Clearance Sale: Sails, spinnakers, rigging parts, many others for 8'-20' dinghies & sailboats, incl Wood Pussy masts, booms, sails. Call for detailed listing.
CAPE ANN SMALL CRAFT, Gloucester, MA, (508) 281-6530. (19)

Mast, free-standing aluminum, 38'8" w/13'8" boom & 3yr old fully battened sail, \$1,500.
JIM BREESE, Guilford, CT, (203) 453-4236 eves. (20)

Fast Traditional Sails, 1st, 2nd boats, Fleet A, Wooden Boat regatta wore DABBLER SAILS. Lug, gunter, sprit, gaff, etc., in white, tanbark or "Egyptian" dacron.
DABBLER SAILS, P.O. Box 235, Wicomico Church, VA, 22579, (804) 580-8723. (6P)

SAILS & RIGGING WANTED

Sail, approx 60 sq ft for gaff or sprit, and/or **Mast**, approx 10'.
OLGA OWENS, Baltimore, MD, (410) 532-6743. (19)

Spinnaker & Gear, for Mirror Dinghy.
MARK NASH, 19 Ridgewoods Ct., St. Peters, MO 63376, (314) 926-0895. (20)

Used Jib for 16' daysailer, luff 11'-12' should work.
FRED MARKLE, Strafford, NH, (603) 332-9462 eves. (20)

GEAR FOR SALE

Old Johnson OB, Model #K-75, Serial #226927, mostly compl but missing a few parts. BO or trade for small 3hp OB.
J.A. HAVILAND, Shonto Boarding School, Shonto, AZ 86054, (602) 672-2484. (19)

Cosine Wherry Building Mold, incl builder's guide & necessary patterns. \$500.
GORDON STANLEY, N. Bridgeton, ME, (207) 647-2628. (20)

Volvo MD7A, w/110 Saildrive, exc cond, \$1,500.
JIM BREESE, Guilford, CT, (203) 453-4236 eves. (20)

Johnson 4hp Longshaft OB, brand new, never started. \$700.
MARK LITTLE, P.O. Box 171, Hull, MA 02045, (617) 925-9096. (20)

1" Shaft 4'6" long, Stuffing Box, 8"x10" Rect Rudder w/arm, \$75.
STAN DZIEJMA, S. Walpole, MA, (508) 668-3879. (TF)

British Seagull Parts & Service. Many in-stock items are discounted. Please send FULL Serial Number/letter code from R/H side of crankcase when ordering.
ROB ALLAN, 7044 Justine Dr., Malton ON L4T 1M3, Canada, (905) 676-8880; Fax (905) 676-8878. (TFP)

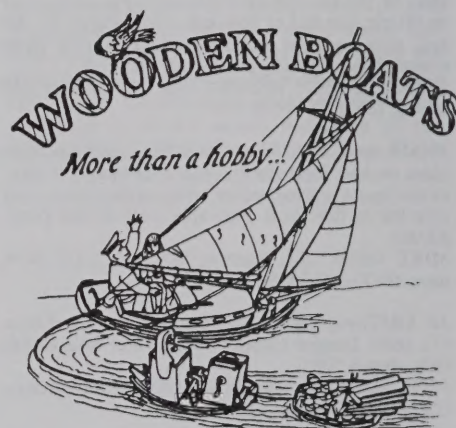
SKETLAND SIXAREEN

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WATERMARK, P.O. Box 2732S, Kennebunkport, ME 04046. (TFP)



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And Our CoffeeMugs Are a Great Prescription! Light gray with maroon and black design on both sides. Microwave, dishwasher safe. \$7.50 ea. plus \$4 S&H. Allow 4 weeks for delivery. Send check or money order to:
NAUTICAL NICETIES, 6504 West Shady Side Rd., Shady Side, MD 20764, (410) 867-4901. (20P)

There is nothing— absolutely nothing—

half so much worth doing



as simply meaning about in boats.

T-SHIRTS featuring illustration and quotation from "The Wind in the Willows". Heavyweight 100% cotton, natural color. Short sleeve \$15.50. Long sleeve \$21.00. 50/50 gray sweatshirt \$25.50. M, L, XL. Shipping \$3.50.
DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 880, Silver Spring, MD 20918. (TFP)

GEAR WANTED

Decked Sailing Canoe Hrdwre, 1880-1920. Vy serious abt any period fittings for hull or rig. Especially nd any tiller assemblies.
DOUGLAS FOWLER, Sailmaker, Ithaca, NY, (607) 277-0041 collect. (19)

Wishbone Anchor.
JEREMY MARSHALL, Ft. Lewis, WA, (206) 572-6627. (20)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

Collector Books: *The Ships & Sailors of Old Salem* (1912), \$25. *Sailing Craft* (1937), \$15. **Contemporary Books:** *Boatbuilding Manual* (Steward), \$14. *A Heritage in Wood*, \$6. *Knots, Useful & Ornamental*, \$6. *Rushton & His Times*, \$8. *Rushton Catalog 1903* (Reprint) \$8. *The International Marine Boat Manager*, \$5. *A Skiff for All Seasons*, \$9. *The Complete Guide to Boat Kits & Plans*, \$5. *Boatbuilders International Directory*, \$5. *The Liveaboard Report*, \$7. Add \$1 per book for 4th Class shipping. RON SILLIMAN, P.O. Box 1516, New London, NH 03257, (603) 526-9363. (19)

Free to Good Home, Messing About in Boats, 4/1/88-12/15/93. ARTHUR ZAHN, Braintree, MA, (617) 843-4585. (19)

"Sleeper", 7'10" cartoppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Info \$3. Plans \$17 (my cost). You send me \$20 more if you use them. EPOCH PRESS, P.O. Box 3047, San Rafael, CA 94912. (9/95P)

Outboard Skippers, improve your skills & discover the tremendous possibilities of boats under 20' in length. *The Outboard Boater's Handbook* covers all aspects of these amazing boats. Edited by Dave Getchell, Sr., founding editor of the *Small Boat Journal*. A great Christmas present. Send \$21.50, incl S&H. D.R. GETCHELL, RR 1 Box 3355, Appleton, ME 04862. (TF)

Boatbuilding Articles. Copies of articles from old boatbuilding manuals. It is possible to build a boat from most of these articles. \$4 for list of hundreds. E.G. RAGSDALE, P.O. Box 153, Florence, OR 97439, (503) 997-7818. (TF)

"Canoeing Journals of James S. Cawley, 1915-1919", available in paperback. Daily writings of canoeing & camping on various adventure cruises. Written by co-author (with wife) of "Exploring the Little Rivers of New Jersey", these journals were rediscovered & now printed for the first time. \$10 postpaid. NANCY C. JEROME, RFD #1 Box 202A, Waitsfield, VT 05673. (TF)



Sea Kayak Plans. "Seguin" is a sleek, lightweight kayak designed for ocean touring. Classic Greenland lines. Simple stitch & tape construction is ideal for the home builder. Easy to follow plans are accompanied by 40 pg construction manual. ROB BRYAN, P.O. Box 475, Woolwich, ME 04579-0475. (TFP)

Canoe/Kayak Plans, 16' wood/canvas, can be fiberglassed. Since 1962. Free information. TRAILCRAFT, 405 State St. Dept. M, El Dorado, KS 67042. (TFP)

"Out Your Backdoor" #6 out now! Like "Messing About in Boats" & "Rolling Stone" blended together, shaken, not stirred. A friendly aperitif to whet your wild whistle. New review: "OYB" puts guts & humor back into the outdoor scene." \$8 sub. "OYB", 4686 Meridian Rd., Williamston, MI 48895. (TFP)

Canoe Lines, Plans, Offsets, Mold Patterns, for 12', 14-1/2', 16' & 18-1/2' canoes drawn for traditional beauty & versatility. Sized for either strip plt or wood/canvas constr. FRANKLIN CEDAR CANOES, Box 175, Franklin, ME 04634, (207) 565-2282. (TFP)



Classic Moth Boat Plans, available for 11' Dor Willey type sailboat. Qualifies for annual regatta in September. Plans \$25 + \$3 postage. MUSEUM OF THE ALBEMARLE, 1116 U.S. Hwy 17S, Elizabeth City, NC 27909, (919) 335-1453. (TFP)

BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

Dunphy Blue Gill Advertising, all types, magazine pages, whatever. Late '40's to early '50's period. Will pay generously. Description and price first letter. RICHARD MC COY, 1119 Michigan Ave., St. Joseph, MI 49085. (19)

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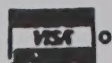
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